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JOHN P. BENDER, 206 Centre Street, New York

Fashion Chat

By Comtesse Chiffon

RUMORS from abroad state that dress skirts are to have many plaits and folds in back. The bolero has also been put aside by capricious Dame Fashion and even fur manufacturers hesitate to develop this charming mode which has enjoyed such popularity for many seasons. Everything is getting nearer and nearer to the long coat, and even the shortest jackets this season are embellished with a basque of varied length.

In coats the three-quarter length will prevail with three-quarter tight back, loose front and Raglan sleeves, widening considerably toward the wrist. These sleeves are called "casaque." Naturally, in logical following, the storm collar has also been banished. Turndown collars in every shape and style are very much in vogue on all new models. As a garniture pressed velvet showing leaf and flower designs is considered very smart.

Fashion just at present very much favors the eighteenth century, which has always been resourceful of suggestions for styles and designs. The elegant, tight-fitting Louis XV coat is preferred to all else, and surely this style has grace to recommend it with its double-breasted fitted vest, long waist effect and basque set on a few inches below the waist. In back two fancy buttons head the inverted plaits. Another style belonging to the same French epoch is somewhat different and has a plaited basque, very short, with a sash of folded silk around the waist, double sleeves and high turndown collar.

Sealskin will be the fashionable fur of the season and will, as advices from Paris state, be chosen in preference to broadtail and Persian, and especially will the Newmarkets be fashioned of seal. *Haut nouveauté* are the jackets made of two kinds of fur, for instance, sealskin opening over a slightly bloused vest of chinchilla, the high turndown collar being ornamented in front with a cravatte of chinchilla. The same combination is made in Persian and ermine. Muffs are to be larger and flat and will be trimmed with sable heads and tails even if the muff is made of chinchilla.

Fur boas, in flat stole shape, with ends reaching the hem of the skirt, also scarfs trimmed with clusters of tails, are highly fashionable. Lace and fur are frequently combined, also velvet ribbon, buckles and mousseline de soie, all materially enhancing the cloth coat and jacket.

Rouff is making a handsome black cloth coat with inserted points of broadtail. The sleeve is made of fur almost to the elbow and at the neck is placed a Directoire cravatte.

Every season fashion sets its stamp of approval upon some particular fabric and favors this to the exclusion of all others. The material that will find the greatest vogue this season is velvet—everything is velvet from beginning to end From Paris comes the message that a new kind of velvet will be placed upon the market, and quite wonderful qualities are attributed to it. It is a medium between panne and velours and is especially desirable for entire costumes.

The Louis XV coat, a kind of polonaise with long, narrow tails in back, will be one of the novelties produced ere long and will be developed of velvet. At present jackets of velvet are worn with cloth skirts, but later in the season entire velvet costumes trimmed with fur will be very smart. The velvet is in itself very rich and the combination with fur will make gowns of truly royal magnificence.

Brown is distinctly one of the fashionable colors this season for street gowns, and while various shades of other colors are used brown and black apparently have the lead just at present. Sable is a very modish fur and nothing can be more elegant than a brown velvet costume trimmed with this fur.

Cloth is of course always the prime favorite for street wear and panne cloth is put forth in very superior qualities. It has an unusually high luster and finish and is a material that will readily find the favor of exclusive dressers. It has everything to recommend it: elegance, pliability and wearing quality, beside the fact that it requires very little garniture, being in itself rich enough for the average tailormade that is fashioned without trimming. It is specially adapted, however, for the Louis XV. costumes. These are made with plain, gored skirts, the jackets with basque set on a few inches below the waist and arranged with inverted plaits in back, the plaits finished with a button at the top. Sometimes this inverted plait is only in the center and sometimes a plait is laid at each side of the center. The richness and superiority of the panne cloth brings out the dye superbly. The colors most in use are a brilliant, deep red, a new shade of bluet, terra cotta, and of course black. Referring again to the Louis XV suits of panne cloth, their only adornment consists in a vest of contrasting color, usually silk, with rich Pompadour embroidery in colored silks, the vest turning back in revers, and frequently the turned over edge of the collar is faced with embroidery to match.

The length of the skirts has not lessened to any extent, despite whispers to the contrary. There seems to be very little change in spite of all the conflicting rumors as to abbreviated and extended inches. The present indications are that long skirts will remain in fashion for dressy tailormades. The flounce is still a favored factor for producing the fashionable flare at the bottom of skirts, the upper part being fitted as far as the knees and the lower part more swirling and falling in fuller, more graceful folds than ever.

Trimmings are very rich and elaborate without being conspicuous. The latest novelty (for the present very exclusive property) is *filet* lace, which is netting with the pattern worked in darning stitch, and it is exclusive for the simple reason that it must all be worked by hand. Passementerie ornaments of different descriptions and designs are all highly fashionable and appear on jacket as well as on skirt. Very attractive designs are shown in braids of different widths, in different weaves, with either conventional figures or such of a more elaborate design.

One of the greatest novelties are the embroideries done with mohair wool on cloth or linen and used for vests, pocket flaps, cuffs, collars and bands of different widths that are used as a finish for the hem of skirts. The color of the cloth or linen is ecru or pale tan and the wool thread, which is of course very fine, is selected with tasteful combination from a list of glowing, brilliant tints. The patterns of the embroideries are either classic French or ancient Byzantine.

The popularity enjoyed by the Summer waist commonly designated as button-in-the-back is extended to cloth gowns, some of the latest designs showing this method of fastening, which is certain to be as much in vogue during the Fall and Winter season as it was during the hot months. The style has everything to recommend it, as it is at once pleasing and graceful.

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.

(Described on page 13.)

XII.—THE CREOLE.

It is contended that man in general reflects the peculiarities of his country, and in a measure also its temperature. The clearness of the sky, the abundant or scant vegetation, the hot rays of the sun, all have their influence on his temperament, making him either gay or morose.

Woman more than man is subject to the influence of the nerves said to be controlled by atmospherical currents. The air she breathes, the sunlight that envelops her, all have their bearing on her intelligence, her heart, her *esprit*. In cool regions temperaments are necessarily colder and in the warmer latitudes the blood rises to fever heat at the slightest provocation. Naturally it stands to reason that the most harmonious temperaments are found in those climates where the sun is mild, the air fresh and invigorating, where the summer heat is tempered by breezes and the winter snappy and bracing. In Europe as well as in the United States different varieties of climate prevail and each presents its own particular type of inhabitant. The further south we go the more luxuriant grows the vegetation, until an almost voluptuous splendor is found when the West Indies are reached. These islands are fortunate indeed, because there is no place that more nearly resembles paradise in all its perfect beauty, of which words are inadequate to give a fitting description. Mortal dangers and the greatest beauty are side by side, the most delicious essences and the most deadly poison are in close proximity, where the rays of the hot sun at times grow deadly, where serpents are coiled beneath the lovely lilies and roses, where birds of paradise build their nests in the leafy trees, and where crocodiles are found in the luminous blue waters.

Nothing could be more different than the Creole and the woman of other countries. She possesses qualities and also faults that are found in the woman of no other clime, and fashions her life in a way that is entirely her own. She may be described as having a curious mixture of morals, just as her country is a strange amalgamation of beauty and ugliness, perils and pleasures.

The Creole is made up of *finesse* and beauty. She is a delicate and delicious statuette with an air of freedom and candor, in mood sometimes joyful, sometimes melancholy, and looks at life with a touching and at the same time an amiable resignation.

A pair of superb eyes give life to a most charming face, further made attractive by a complexion of marvelous clearness. In her eyes you can read of the gold of the skies, the depth of the forest and the mysteries of the rivers and lakes. Her voice is inexpressibly sweet, her gestures vivacious and quick.

Her movements are as full of grace as the swaying *lianes* of her native woods, her walk languid and indolent. Timid and cool to strangers and inferiors, she is sweet, good and tender when her affection is aroused. She is an excellent wife and mother. But often good and bad qualities live side by side. The softness of her character can turn to *paresse*, her tenderness change to a most dangerous passion. The sweetness of her disposition changes to haughtiness and vanity, her vivacity to irascibility.

Of course she often appears to us under unfavorable circumstances, and we are inclined to forget too easily that she reflects but the varying moods of her own country and can be compared to a fiery flower strangely mixed with coolness. She represents the glowing, luxuriant vegetation of the almost tropical climate, with its vivid and brilliant coloring.

Whoever has the ability to fathom surroundings and events, and to observe closely, will find in the life of the Creole much that is interesting which does not lie upon the surface.

She marries young and despite the ardor and warmth of her temperament, the woman of good education is very well able to control herself.

Adultery is rare and separation is just as infrequent. She lives only for her home and family, her children are the subject of her most tender solicitude, and her house is kept with scrupulous neatness. She still has time to devote to her favorite occupations, piano and singing. Sunday is a day of pleasure and rejoicing and is spent in visiting and dancing. On the whole the life of the Creole is a very easy one, languor and *dolce far niente* being one of the indispensable adjuncts of the climate.

The dances most in vogue are all those favored in Spain. The Spaniard and the Cuban are all fire and movement with her feet, but all languor and lassitude with her eyes. A dance with them is the outward gesture of inward emotions, and as she dances she enacts a drama which she seeks to emphasize with her eyes.

The *castanet* dance is thoroughly characterstic of the Spanish dance, and the true interpreter of the dance manipulates the castanets with a skill that calls for marvelous art. The *cachuca*, with its graceful, gliding steps, the free almost savage movement of the arms, accompanied by the snap of the castanet and the languishing droop of dark eyes, is, perhaps, the most beautiful and fascinating of the Spanish dances.

The *bolero* is another great favorite and it has given rise to the coquettish fashion of wearing the jaunty waist and cap. This dance begins and concludes with a coquettish salute. The dance itself is a series of steps, emphasized by stamping of feet and simultaneous clicking of the castanets. As the dance proceeds the music quickens, the feet twist and twirl with increased rapidity and the performance develops into a wild whirl of movement, the music gives a final crash, and the performer comes to an abrupt stand-still, panting and breathless.

The Cubans, like the Spaniards, in fact like all children of nature, are a dance-loving people. Like the Italians, they express their emotions, either of sorrow or joy, in dance and song. In fact the custom of intermingling song and dance belongs to this more than to any other nationality.

One pities the Cuban young man who is in love. He cannot see his love alone, and cannot come regularly to the house until a fair understanding of his intentions is arrived at. And when at last he has attained the felicity of being daily expected he must do all his courting in the presence of the family, and utter his sweetnesses across the critical ear of his future mother-in-law.

ATTRACTIVE TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 13.)

AN INTERLUDE.

BY
Anna
Worthington.

IN the elegantly appointed drawing room of an apartment near Eighty-eighth street, Central Park West, were seated Arnold Elliott, one of New York's most successful lawyers, and his wife Edith. Dinner hour was approaching and Mrs. Elliott was seriously considering the advisability of freshening up her appearance when the maid entered with a letter on a silver salver. As she passed Elliott he took the letter and, reading the address, said, as he handed it to his wife:

"Here is a letter for you. Is it not from Duncan?"

"I don't know Duncan's writing," remarked Edith languidly as she pulled out a hairpin and slowly opened the letter.

"Well, is it from Duncan?" asked her husband, nervously fingering a book.

"Won't you read it first?" she said sweetly, with a faint smile.

"No, no, I merely asked."

"If you intend going to the dinner at the Lawyers' Club I think it is about time you got ready."

"I am going in a moment," he replied, and muttered as he left the room, "I would like to know if the letter is from Duncan."

Mrs. Elliott settled back comfortably in her chair and read the letter with a tender smile on her face. When she was through she whispered softly: "The dear boy."

So absorbed was she that she overheard her husband, clad in irreproachable evening garb, calling her. As she paid no attention, he repeated in a louder voice: "Edith."

"Oh, is it you?" she said, with a slight start as she put the letter up her sleeve; "good-by, my love, I hope you will have a good time."

"Well, do you know," remarked Elliott hesitatingly, "I don't think I will go to the dinner."

"Is that so? Why not?"

"I shall send a telegram excusing my absence. I would rather stay home and dine with my little wife," he said, tenderly.

"Really, how flattering! Then you prefer me to all the witty after-dinner speeches?"

"Yes, I have a nice idea. We will eat all alone, just you and I, like a pair of lovers, and after dinner you shall sing to me."

"The song that always makes you go to sleep?" she asked, archly.

"Yes, you don't know how nice it is to fall asleep while one's wife is singing," he said, laughing.

"Possibly, for the husband," she answered demurely. "Unfortunately I am hoarse."

"It does not matter, we can while away the time with something else. I will read to you from Shakespeare, for instance."

"Then I shall surely fall asleep," laughed Edith.

"Well, then let's play euchre," suggested Elliott.

"Dear me, and have us both fall asleep!"

"You surely don't mean to tell me that two married people can't spend an evening together alone without falling asleep?"

"That is just what I mean to tell you."

"Now, let *me* tell you something," remarked her husband, leaning lightly on her chair. "An idyl, a remembrance from my bachelor days. It was just such a night with a nasty, cold rain. I walked along the street wrapped in my ulster ——"

"Bent on some gallant appointment, I suppose," interrupted Edith.

"And passed a lighted window," continued her husband without heeding her. "I stopped, attracted by the scene in the room, a great longing in my heart ——"

"What had she done? Fooled you?"

"Why, Edith!"

"Now don't be offended, you little goosie," she said "She was there, then. You stopped and looked into the window. Well, what did you see?"

"A young couple. She was sitting on a small sofa covered with flowered chintz and he was seated in a comfortable armchair. Between them was a table on which stood a samovar. A bright wood fire was burning in the grate. The young woman was busy with some embroidery, he was smoking, and both were looking ridiculously happy."

"Perhaps they were lovers," said Edith dreamily.

"Suppose we pretend to be the same."

"No, no, that won't work. We haven't got a chintz-covered sofa."

"It need not necessarily be chintz-covered, any sofa will do."

"How did they look?"

"That is just like a woman. Now please don't ask me what they had on because I didn't notice. As far as I remember I think she had dark hair."

"And he?"

"Oh, he had very light-blond curly hair. He was very handsome and of a splendid physique."

"Like Duncan," said Edith, casually, glancing at her husband's dark head.

"Duncan! What in the world made you think of him!" cried Elliott.

"Well, hasn't he got curly light hair?" asked Edith, innocently.

"The letter is from him! You have betrayed yourself," exclaimed her husbandly excitedly.

"You have betrayed yourself," said Edith laughing.

"I! What do you mean?"

"That the reason why you don't want to go to the dinner is because you are jealous!"

"Well, why shouldn't I be, when you get letters that I know nothing about."

"I don't see why you need know. There is nothing to worry you."

"Well!"

"Yes; you ought to know that the letter is not dangerous in the least."

"Why ought I to know that?"

"Because I would show it to you otherwise. I have always shown you letters of this kind."

"Not that I recollect."

"You don't! What about Mitchell and Seymour? Didn't they make regular declarations of love to me? And what did I do? I gave you the letters and when they came for their answers you were ready to receive them. And was not that right? Both Mitchell and Seymour are as polite and respectful as they can be. Isn't it true? Didn't I give you the letters?"

"Oh, yes; those of Mitchell and Seymour!"

"Well, why don't you say outright that you think me faithless!"

"Heaven forbid that I should think so," said Elliott impressively.

"Remember what I told you on our wedding day: if you distrust me I shall not answer for anything."

"But I do, I do trust you."

"Remember your own words: no man's wife is faithless unless he deserves it."

"But if I say I trust you!"

"If you trust me you must not be jealous. Anyway a man of thought is never jealous."

"Well, then, I am not jealous," answered Elliott.

"And does it not interest you to know what this letter contains?" she asked, showing him the letter.

"Will it interest me?"

"You are not curious any longer?"

"Have I asked you to let me see it?"

"Here, read it," she said, handing him the letter, "I wish it."

"Since you wish it," he answered. "Of course, Duncan," he muttered, as he read the following: 'My beloved! For a long time I have adored you'—Well, I like that."

"He is still unspoiled, isn't he!" remarked Edith.

"Well, candidly, I don't find it innocent to write stuff like that to a married woman!"

"I consider it ample evidence."

"'This evening,'" he continued, reading the letter, "when your husband has gone to the dinner at the Lawyers' Club, I shall come for my answer!' The scoundrel," he cried, throwing the letter on the table.

"I wouldn't treat the matter like that. I should be ironical, su-

DEMI-TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 13.)

perior, above such things, you know," said Edith slowly. The door opened and the maid announced Mr. Duncan.

"What!" cried Elliott, jumping up. "But no, I will restrain myself."

"That is right," said Edith, approvingly. "Show Mr. Duncan in," to the maid. "And now you are to treat Duncan exactly as you did Mitchell and Seymour."

"Yes, I will do that. I will make a regular fool of him."

"And do you know what I would do then? I would go to the dinner in spite of him. Yes, I would!" exclaimed Edith, laughing.

"You are cruel," said her husband.

"I will leave you both alone," remarked Edith, going out of the room by another door.

"How fortunate I am to have such a quick-witted wife," thought Elliott, as he approached Duncan just entering and greeted him most cordially.

"My dear fellow, how are you? Glad to see you! Sit down!"

"All right, thanks! I wanted to return the book you lent me, and thought I would drop in to-night."

"Have you finished it so soon?"

"Yes, I read very quickly. The best method is always to return borrowed things at once, don't you think so?" asked Duncan.

"You are quite right. But it is really accident that you see me here. I was going to a dinner."

"Oh, yes, I remember," exclaimed Duncan, with well-feigned surprise, rising at the same time, "I won't detain you any longer."

"No, no, don't go on that account, my wife is home."

"Ah, she is?" Duncan asked in a slightly trembling voice. "She is well, I hope."

"Thanks, yes, very well. She will be here in a moment. Have a cocktail in the meantime?" inquired Elliott, suavely.

As Duncan assented he rang for glasses and poured the cocktail for his guest. Presenting it to him he said, laughing:

"Long live love!"

"Oh," remarked Duncan, with a rather embarrassed smile.

"Now tell me, candidly, just between you and I, you must have fabulous luck with women! I don't mean to be indiscreet! Well, am I right?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Duncan, smiling.

"Now don't pretend to be innocent! You! with your hypnotic eyes! But tell me, have you ever had an *affaire de cœur* with a married woman? Now, this is just between us!"

"Why, Elliott, don't joke!"

"Well, you can tell me that—a lawyer and an old friend—in confidence? Well?"

"No, unfortunately not," replied Duncan, with hesitation.

"Well, don't despair, young man," said Elliott. "There is still time. But really, you would be more sorry than elated. Now, don't misunderstand, I have never had an affair of this kind myself, and am consequently not speaking from experience. I married too young That is the reason that the first married woman with whom I had an affair was my own wife!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Duncan in rather a forced manner, "that is quite a joke!"

"Still, I think an affair of that sort must be quite attractive! Don't you?"

"Well, as I said ——"

"The spice in this is not furnished by the woman—because really a married woman is not different from any other—the only difference lies in her being married to some other man! No! The spice is furnished by the man in the case!"

"How so?"

"Yes, in my opinion, there is nothing more interesting than a man whose wife has betrayed him. Our modern stage produces him with frequency and I am always decidedly amused at the figure he cuts. Aren't you?"

"Yes, it is sometimes rather amusing," assented Duncan, a faint suspicion dawning on him.

"Very much so, I think. So much more amusing because he is quite unsuspicious. And what ludicrous positions arise from this! For instance: the husband and the lover are seated at the same table, enjoying a cocktail, just as we are—only with this difference, *both* are eagerly awaiting the wife's appearance. I have seen that!"

"Really!"

" You have no idea what complications sometimes are met with. Take another scene: Our trio at the theatre. During the intermission the lover visits the lady in her box where she is seated next her husband. The latter invites the lover to remain in the box, saying to his wife: 'you, of course, permit Mr. So and So to join us.' She naturally is much pleased and we see this: the husband on one side, the lover on the other, the wife in the center."

"I am afraid you exaggerate."

"Why, you cannot imagine how stupid some husbands are. Another instance: the lover writes the wife a letter—why, what is the matter with you? Don't you feel well?—Well, as I was saying, the lover writes the wife a letter, why shouldn't he, in which he says: 'My beloved! For a long time I have adored you!' or something equally asinine. Did you ever hear of a lover being witty? Well, what of it, *esprit* and wit are not required in a lover! Or, the bell rings and as the maid is busy the husband goes to the door, he finds the letterman who gives him a missive addressed to his wife. He looks at it and thinks: ' I suppose it's from her tailor,' and puts it in his pocket. He never thinks of it again until at night when he goes to bed. 'Oh, I've got a letter for you,' he says to his wife and gives it to her. In the meantime he lies down and is half asleep when he hears his wife laugh. 'What are you laughing about?' 'Oh, I just thought of something funny,' she says."

"Ha! ha! ha! That is fine," laughed Duncan.

"That amuses you, does it! Now just wait a minute, now we will turn the tables. Instead of the husband we will make the lover ridiculous quicker than you can say Jack Robinson! The husband has his suspicions about the letter being from the tailor and opens it. What would you say to that?"

"That would not happen."

"Well, I know of a case."

"It would hardly be honorable to open a letter addressed to another."

"Oh, well, we won't discuss that point. At any rate, the letter is opened and the husband has read the whole silly thing from beginning to end. Just as he is through, the bell rings and the lover is announced. Well, who is the comical figure now?"

"I acknowledge that I am in the wrong! I am at your disposal!" cried Duncan, rising, and preparing to leave.

"Oh, no, you must stay," answered Elliott. "You see if you went now you would naturally get quite conceited and consider yourself very dangerous. And there is really no reason why you should think that. You are a very nice young man who can still blush beautifully, who is still very innocent. You must remain my friend."

"Why, Mr. Elliott, this is more than I can expect!"

"You need not be offended about the letter, I really did not open it."

"What!"

"No, Edith gave it to me of her own accord."

"Is it possible?" cried Duncan.

"Yes, she gives me all letters of that kind. That is a practical resolution we arrived at long ago. But console yourself, you are not the first who mistakes the natural amiability of my wife for coquetry. You are not the first one to whom I have talked in this manner. There have been four or five. You must remember that we have been married nearly seven years."

"I sincerely ask your pardon," said Duncan, heartily.

557 558 559

EVENING GOWNS.

(Described on page 13.)

"But, child, there has been no occasion for it. I am sure you will not write letters like that again to my wife," replied Elliott, handing him the letter.

"Most assuredly not," answered Duncan, with sincerity.

"Well, then I forgive you. That is, under one conditon: you must spend a little while with my wife. I have to go out and see a brother lawyer about an important case that comes off to-morrow. You must really do me this favor. Not another word."

He went toward the second door concealed by a pair of portieres and called: "Edith! Mr. Duncan is here."

"How do you do, Mr. Duncan," said Mrs. Elliott affably, as she entered the room.

"Now my young friend," said Elliott, turning to Duncan, "I will leave you alone with my wife as you have wished. I hope you will both enjoy yourselves. Don't take my remarks too much to heart, for I am sure you have realized that a lover may sometimes be ridiculous. And believe me, no man is ever deceived unless he deserves it. *Au revoir*, my children."

When he had gone there was rather an embarrassed silence between Mrs. Elliott and her guest until she finally said in a low voice:

"What must your opinion be?"

"Well, I think, Mrs. Elliott, that I am not worthy to remain longer in your presence."

"What makes you think that. Why do you want to go?"

"Because I have been cured of my unhappy passion."

"Then you do not love me any longer?" asked Mrs. Elliott, in a smothered voice.

"On the contrary, I love you more than ever. I realize that now. Forgive me that for one moment I should have had the audacity to mistake a great amiability for the indication of a preference for me! Forgive my impetuosity! My youth!"

"I gladly forgive you," answered Edith, with sincerity.

"Thank you! You have entirely reformed me. I still love you, but in a different manner. Not as a woman that is desired, but as a goddess! Yes, as a goddess on a marble pedestal at whose feet I kneel, cooling my hot head on the marble."

"Well!" exclaimed Edith, with some chagrin, "do you think it affords a woman pleasure to act as refrigerator! Let me have that unfortunate letter back, it is my property! And after all what have you done? Written me only a very nice, sweet letter!"

"Which you at once gave to your husband! You did quite right, I assure you!"

"Perhaps you have misunderstood—I mean about my giving the letter to my husband!"

"Well, candidly, I do not see how there is anything to misunderstand," said Duncan, with dignity.

"There may be! Yet I cannot see how I shall explain it to you. I do not wish to speak of myself in this case at all. Of course I gave my husband the letter because—well, in general, don't you think a woman may follow a stated purpose by giving her husband letters of this kind?"

"What stated purpose?"

"Well, for instance, to allay the husband's jealousy. You know the majority of husbands are jealous. If certain kinds of letters were not given them they would simply take them by force."

"And if such letters are given them are they satisfied?"

"Yes!"

"They see a joke in it and not a possible tragedy?"

"Just so!"

"The husband no longer wishes to annihilate his rival, on the contrary, he asks him to call again!"

"Yes!"

"So that is the reason why you gave your husband my letter?"

"Could you understand it otherwise? Suppose that was the only way in which I could grant you this interview that you requested! If I had not shown my husband your letter he would not have gone out. He would not have had his peace of mind! But now—Jack!" she whispered very tenderly.

"So he has his peace of mind," said Duncan, with a forced laugh. "That is fine."

"Isn't it!" cried Edith, laughing gaily.

"And that is why you show him all letters of this kind?"

"Yes, certainly, that is the reason."

"And always with the same success?"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Elliott, nodding her head gaily.

"That is all I wish to know!" remarked Duncan, taking his hat, cane and gloves.

"What! You are going?" asked Mrs. Elliott, in alarm.

"Yes, I am going!"

"But why?"

"Because, as I said, I am cured."

"I do not understand?"

"A few words will explain everything to you. When I came to-day my passion for you was almost beyond my control. I loved you deeply and was ready to deceive your husband, but not ——." Duncan hesitated.

"Well?" she asked, impatiently.

"But not several men!" said Duncan as, with a cool, formal bow he left the room.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Elliott, with great indignation, as she burst into tears and tore Duncan's letter in pieces.

* * *

"OVER ANXIOUS."

In one of Balzac's finest passages, he describes the struggle of a loving woman with her husband's growing indifference. A beautiful, half-educated girl has married an artist. After the first raptures are over, he finds her incapable of appreciating his ideas and dreams; disillusion follows, then coldness, and at last the girl-wife finds herself confronted with the dread of losing all that makes her life worth living. But she is brave, and she loves too truly to give way to despair. Balzac tells us how she worked and schemed; "at one-and-twenty she dared undertake to educate herself, and make her imagination at least worthy of that which she admired. . . . Then, with all the strength of will, all the energy with which every woman can display when she loves, she tried to alter her character, her manners, her habits." He tells us that she devoured books, studied incessantly, listened to brilliant talkers, and tried to learn their secret, but she failed, and he tells us why in a pregnant sentence that gives the key to many tragic feminine mysteries. "The artist would laugh at those who flattered him about his wife, and his irony had some foundation; he so overawed the pathetic young creature that she trembled in his presence. Hampered by her too eager desire to please, her wits and her knowledge vanished."

Here the great student of human nature unearths from its depths a a striking truth. Well as Balzac understood mankind in general, he understood women still better. The pathos of the sex, with its half-defined, yet heart-devouring longings, appealed powerfully to him. He saw that it was our frequent misery to defeat our own efforts by over-anxiety. It is this which causes the restlessness, the constant change of mental posture, that so often earns for us the unjust charge of caprice. A pure-hearted girl gives a man her first love, gives it involuntarily, and awakens one day to find, like Juliet, that the bliss or bale of her whole life is at his disposal. She can do nothing but wait for him to speak; they meet constantly in society; a thousand conflicting rumors and careless speeches fly to her heart like poisoned arrows; but this is the civilized twentieth century, and she has been well brought up. Well is it for her if she escapes scathless from the ordeal! A look, a word, a change of color may bring upon her some hateful imputation, and even cost her his respect.

Truly, even in smaller matters, a too great desire to please defeats its own object. Do we not all know women whose social existence is one long martyrdom of stage-fright? One is so fearful lest she should offend some one, that she is perpetually apologizing; another dreads being considered dull, so she rattles on continually, wearing a painfully artificial smile, and occasionally giving vent to a mirthless giggle; a third is really full of kindness, longing to play the part of a friend, but lest she should be thought "gushing," she chastens her naturally frank speech and demeanor into mingling of stiffness and jerkiness—as geniality or timidity gets the upper hand—until her acquaintances vote her that most uncomfortable of beings, "a person whom no one can make out."

Perhaps if we had more pride of the right sort, we should be more natural. Without naturalness there can be no charm; hence, the over-anxious ones will never succeed in acquiring popularity. Far better would it be to trust in one's own good intentions, for there is a personal magnetism about genuine kindliness which is bound to win response sooner or later, attracting our fellow-beings to us almost in spite of themselves.

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VISITING AND STREET GOWNS.

(Described on page 13.)

DESCRIPTIONS OF PLATES.

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 537.—Bridesmaid's gown of pale-blue mousseline over taffeta of the same shade. Corsage of tucked mousseline with bolero effect of shirred mousseline trimmed with lace insertion. Lower part of sleeve and collar of lace. Flounce skirt, trimmed with lace insertion. Panne velvet belt. Pattern, corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 538.—Bridal gown of white crêpe de chine. Corsage tucked in clusters, alternating with lace insertion. Yoke and collar of mousseline de soie. Sleeves shirred at top and completed with ruffles. Skirt trimmed with ruffles at bottom, headed with a shirred band. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE TAILOR-MADES.
(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 539.—Tailor made gown of mixed cloth. The corsage has a slight blouse effect, with double-breasted vest of light cloth, and is trimmed with satin straps. Double sleeves. Flounce skirt, band of light cloth edged with satin straps. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 540.—Tailor made gown of black satin cloth. Jacket with basque. Double-breasted vest of light cloth, revers, collar and under sleeves with Pompadour embroidery. Flounce skirt, stitching. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME DEMI-TAILOR-MADES.
(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 560.—Demi-tailor-made, velvet jacket overlapping vest of light cloth, revers with Pompadour embroidery. Cloth skirt. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 561.—Cloth gown, vest and sleeve puffs of light silk, satin straps, velvet bands, flounce skirt. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

EVENING GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 555.—Toilette of rose-pink crêpe de chine The corsage is both tucked and shirred, the upper part being décolleté, and collar and corsage joined with velvet ribbon, between the two rows of shirring is a puffing of crêpe strapped with velvet ribbon. The skirt has a tucked flounce headed with shirring, and around the hips is another cluster of shirring. Pattern, corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 556.—Toilette of pale blue peau de soie, the corsage tucked and trimmed with bands of the same shade of panne velvet in addition to embroidered white peau de soie. Similar garniture imitates an overskirt effect on the skirt. Belt of a deeper shade of blue panne. Pattern, corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 557.—Toilette of white Louisine, the corsage puffed and trimmed with narrow bands of embroidery. The sleeves are also puffed and terminate in three gathered ruffles. Skirt with graduated tucks trimmed with ruffles and insertion. Pattern, corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

VISITING AND STREET GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 541.—Visiting gown of biscuit veiling. Vest of mousseline de soie. Revers with bretelle effect embroidered with brown silk and edged with fancy braid. Passementerie ornaments. Skirt with inverted plaits trimmed with embroidery and braid. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra

Fig. 542.—Street gown of brown and biscuit tweed. Extension fronts of light cloth, revers, collar and cuffs of the same. Sleeve slashed over puffs of light silk. Skirt with double overskirt effect. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SMART CLOTH JACKETS.
(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 383.—Cloth jacket, double-breasted box front, fancy braid, stitching, fur collar and revers. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 384.—Cloth jacket, double-breasted box front, stitched straps, satin straps, velvet facing, stitching. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 385.—Cloth jacket, box front, new collar, velvet facing, stitched straps. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 386.—Cloth jacket, yoke effect, fancy braid, stitching, moiré facing. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

CLOTH GOWNS BUTTONED IN BACK.
(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 562.—Gown of tan Henrietta. Waist buttons in back, is tucked in clusters, and is trimmed with a scalloped collar piped with velvet. The skirt is tucked at the hips and is trimmed with bias folds, imitating wide tucks around the bottom. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 563.—Gown of brown mixed suiting. Waist buttons in back and is trimmed with straps in plait effect. Velvet collar, cuffs and belt. Skirt trimmed with folds of taffeta, stitched in diamonds. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME FALL TAILOR-MADES.
(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 417.—Cloth suit, Louis XV jacket, embroidered vest, appliqué Pompadour embroidery on jacket and panel front of skirt. Velvet turndown collar and cuffs. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 418.—Cloth suit, Louis XV jacket, fitted vest of contrasting color, revers with Pompadour embroidery, velvet facing, passementerie ornaments, gored skirt. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 419.—Cloth suit, Louis XV jacket, with double-breasted fitted vest of contrasting color, similar panel in skirt, satin straps, velvet collar and cuffs, stitching. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

COMFORTABLE NÉGLIGÉS.
(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. 212.—Négligé of figured flannel. Yoke of tucked plain silk, bretelle garniture of plain material edged with embroidered bands and narrow ruffles. Sleeves of plain and figured material. Flounce skirt, headed with band of plain cloth. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 213.—Négligé of white cashmere, trimmed with embroidered bands and narrow ruffles, double puff sleeve, velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 214.—Négligé of dark-blue cashmere, yoke effect and collar trimmed with embroidered bands, puff sleeves, skirt trimmed with flounce. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 215.—Négligé of figured China silk, tucked yoke of plain material edged with embroidered band and ruffle of plain material. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

GIRLS' CLOTH COATS.
(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 351.—Cloth coat, double-breasted, velvet revers, collar and cuffs, fancy braid, soutache, inverted plaits. Pattern, coat, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 352.—Girls' coat, three-quarter length, velvet piping, velvet facing, sleeves gathered into velvet cuffs, stitching. Pattern, coat, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 353.—Girls' coat, three-quarter tight back, loose front, turned-back plaid revers, same facing on collar and cuffs. Double cape collar. Pattern, coat, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' CLOTH FROCKS
(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 543.—Frock of mixed suiting. Bretelles edged with straps of light cloth. Velvet cuffs. Skirt tucked in clusters and completed with narrow ruffle bordered with light cloth. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 544.—Frock of plaid suiting. Double-breasted blouse trimmed with straps of plain cloth. Velvet collar, revers and cuffs. Skirt with inverted plaits. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 545.—Frock of blue cloth. Blouse with vest of light cloth. Revers, collar and cuffs of blue velvet edged with straps of light cloth. Norfolk effect below yoke. Skirt with box-plait effect and stitching. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 546.—Frock of check suiting. Vest of light cloth, embroidered. Velvet revers and collar edged with light cloth straps. Skirt with inverted plaits and tucked flounce. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

SERVICEABLE SCHOOL DRESSES.
(Illustrated on page 27.)

Fig. 551.—Frock of mixed suiting. Extension pieces of light cloth. Stitched straps. Clusters of tucks on waist and skirt. Velvet cuffs and collar. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 552.—Dress of mixed suiting. Embroidered vest and collar. Sailor collar and flounce of skirt of plain material. Velvet straps. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 553.—Frock of striped woolen goods. Revers of light cloth. Stitched straps. Velvet collar and cuffs. Skirt with plaited front. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 554.—Frock of plaid material. Yoke edged with stitched strap of light cloth. Velvet revers and turndown collar. Blouse and skirt tucked. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE STYLES FOR MISSES.
(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 547.—Costume of mixed goods. Vest of plain material, plaid revers trimmed with velvet straps, passementerie ornaments, flounce skirt, plain panel front. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 548.—Costume of mixed goods Jacket with basque effect, embroidered vest, velvet revers edged with stitched straps. Lower part of sleeve and cuff of contrasting color. Flounce skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 549.—Frock of check material. Vest of plaited mousseline de soie, plain cloth of contrasting color, black silk braid, sleeves with mousseline puffs, panel skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 550.—Frock of mixed cloth. Jacket with basque effect, embroidered vest, velvet collar and cuffs, revers of light cloth, panel skirt, tucked flounce. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

SMART CLOTH JACKETS.

(Described on page 13.)

Great Men's Womankind.

On est oublié de ses frères et de ses amis, on est méconnu de ses compagnons, on ne l'est jamais de sa mère, de sa sœur ou de sa femme.
—*Chateaubriand.*

IT is on record that the Countess of Mornington had but a moderate opinion of the intellectual attainments of her son Arthur, who became more illustrious than any of his three brothers, and who lives forever in the annals of history as the Duke of Wellington. Said the *Times*, in a memoir which happened immediately after the Duke's death: "His relative inferiority was the subject of some concern to his vigilant mother, and had its influence, as we are led to conclude, in the selection of the military profession for one who displayed so little of the family aptitude for elegant scholarship." I quoted this instance of want of maternal perspicuity because not only is it extremely rare, but it is still more remarkable, in view of the evidence of Pignerol, the principal of the military college at Angers, whither young Arthur Wellesley was sent. Being asked one day by some distinguished English travelers if he had any English boys of promise under his care, Pignerol replied that he had one Irish lad of great promise of the name of Wesley, the son of Lord Mornington. The bull was as Irish as the lad himself, but was pardonable in the Frenchman.

As a rule, however, maternal insight is quicker than that. My experience has taught me that in this work-a-day world of ours there are a great many more Hannahs than Samuels, and that, unless their urchins be confirmed dullards or idiots, few mothers, especially among the upper strata of society, do not confidently expect some kind of distinction for their male offspring. And even the dullness and idiocy are often set down to individuality. Among the many expectations of that nature a small proportion are sure to be realized, just as the constant backer of horses may make a big haul on an absolutely "dark" runner, or on a rank "outsider."

"No man is great to his valet," said Louis XIV.; but we may distinctly infer that the fault lies with the valet rather than with the great man. Nevertheless, the great man, though invariably he remains great to his mother and sister, is often the reverse of great to his wife, and in that case the fault lies with the great man rather than with his spouse. Great statesmen and savants and littérateurs are the worst offenders in that respect. They will not and cannot understand that, though the spouse worthy of the name may share the ideals and the ambition of her husband of genius, she cannot conduct the home solely on idealism; and even the most practical of legislators, the most assiduous student of the exact sciences, is as much an idealist as the heaven-born poet, inasmuch as all are seekers after perfection. Newton rarely remembered whether he or his dog Diamond had eaten his (Newton's) dinner, but no woman, unless she be a sloven, can conduct her house on such happy-go-lucky principles. Ampère, another *savant*, would have often gone out in a semi state of nudeness but for his wife running after him with the necessary and often most indispensable garments. Such anecdotes afford delightful reading to those who have been exempt from the experience attached to them. All these men considered, and their successors consider, life to be a small bundle of great things, whereas, in reality, life is a big bundle of small things, and the battle of which life is, moreover, fought below the belt, "the good cook being the judicious bottleholder and second," as an English statesmen who did like his meals had it.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has drawn a delicious though perhaps somewhat exaggerated picture of Shakespeare composing the soliloquy of "Hamlet" and Ann Hathaway interrupting him with questions about the "composition" of the dinner. He has shown us Mrs. Shakespeare leaving the room disgusted with the burden of the still unordered meal heavily upon her mind, and though I belong to the other sex, my sympathy lies with her, and not with Shakespeare. And with few exceptions the statesman is scarcely more satisfactory from the careful housewife's point of view. The *grande dame*, be she never so grand, and supported, as she may be, by a couple of housekeepers, is sure to feel sore at not finding her culinary strategy appreciated. Neither Bismarck, Gladstone, nor Palmerston was indifferent to what he ate, and Disraeli, as well as Palmerston, had the reputation of being an epicure, but Moltke would practically eat anything that was given to him, and, moreover, frequently interrupt his meals to draw strategical plans on the table-cloth—with a pencil, if one was handy; with the point of his fork dipped in the sauce, if the pencil was not quickly forthcoming. The man whom military opinion in Germany, and for the matter of that throughout Europe, designates as his successor in the next war, provided he lives long enough—namely, Count von Haesseler, probably does not use a table-cloth at all on the rare occasions he sits down by himself to dinner. As a rule, he takes a few mouthfuls of "something" standing; as a result, he is so alarmingly thin as to make it a matter of surprise in the beholder how he keeps body and soul together. Luckily for the women of Germany, he is not only a misogamist, but a misogynist besides, for he would decidedly be a thorn in the domestic and affectionate side of any *Frau*, *Fraulein*, or *Wittwe*. It is very problematical whether Frederick II., surnamed the Great, spoke a dozen times per annum to women, including those of his family and his wife, whom he paid a ceremonial visit on her birthday, and never saw her again for a twelvemonth.

Napoleon I. was one of the few great men who was exceptionally charming both as a lover and as husband—the distinction should be maintained—while he was, if anything, too good and too kind to his three sisters. If anything could add to Napoleon's greatness it would be his invariable goodness to women. As some one said of him, he never put them on a moral, intellectual, or romantic pedestal, but he did better than that, he took them into his arms and caressed and cheered them. He was the ideal husband who grumbled at the heaviness of the milliner's and dressmakers' bills—and paid, though he himself was exceedingly careful about his clothes. No woman, whether in the most lowly or most exalted station, was ever more cherished than was Josephine de Beauharnais, his first wife, although she by no means deserved the affection lavished on her. Great though he was, and towering above all his contemporaries, Napoleon's greatness was never a burden to his womankind, although they more than once were a burden to him; yet this great man, who was probably even great to his valet, was not great to his second wife, who after his fall never bestowed a second thought upon him, and very few thoughts on the son she bore him. Generally the great man, if he shine amatively at all, shines more in the character of a lover than a husband. Here, again, there are exceptions. Carlyle never shone either as a lover or as a husband. There is not the slightest romance in his life, and Jane Carlyle was one of the women who truly might have said, in answer to the semi-idolatry of the reading world for her husband: "No one knows where the shoe pinches except the person who wears it." Byron, we all know, was particularly awkward to manage. What Dante and Petrarch would have been had they married respectively Beatrice and Laura it is not difficult to imagine. The love of a man for a normally reasonable and good-looking woman is not determined by the woman's qualities, but absolutely springs from his capacity for loving, and in that respect a truly great man has either one heartstring less or one heartstring more than other men; he becomes either sublime or ridiculous. Dr. Johnson's love for a woman, many years his senior and perfectly plain, is to many people absurd; to me it is sublime. The woman, in this instance, has nothing to do with the question; it is the capacity for uxoriousness which is so truly astonishing in a great man. The woman had, probably, not the remotest notion of the greatness of the man, any more than had Mathilda Heine or Thérèse Levasseur or the wife of Luther, and in such instances great men's womankind are happier than the womankind who are conscious of the greatness of their fathers or brothers, and, above all, of their husbands. When Talma was ill to death, he said he would probably have recovered had he not been Talma, for his physicians would not have been afraid to make experiments upon him. It is even so with the wives of great men; their husbands' greatness frightens them to a certain extent in experimenting upon their tempers.

IN FLOWER COSTUME.

"I shall go as a flower," said the Young Thing. "Don't you think that will be an original idea?"

"I must perjure myself like a gentlewoman," answered her more experienced friend. "It will be a glorious idea. In fact, the one idea of all ideas."

The Young Thing pouted and looked doubtful. "You have such a discouraging way with you at times," she ventured. "Here I am, all ambition to shine and all anticipation of the great things that are to be accomplished at Mrs. X's ball, and you dash my little plans with the coldest of water."

"Heaven forbid," murmured the older one, "although it might be well to apply the water now, as there will be little of it later at Mrs. X's."

"Tell me," persisted the Young Thing, "do many girls go as flowers?"

"Not more than twenty four out of a possible two dozen," replied her friend, reassuringly.

"Oh, but," protested the Young Thing, "I am sure none will go as I will go. I was thinking of dressing as a daisy."

"Ah! and may I ask what was your idea for costume?"

"Well, I thought I would wear on my head a chaplet of daisies. That ought to be sufficient to give any one the idea I intended to convey. In addition to that, if anything were needed in addition, I would wear a white satin gown. Don't you think that would do very nicely?"

"It would be excellent," replied her friend, with deep conviction. "Excellent and most convincing. It reminds me of the time Dickey Doolittle appeared at Mrs. Lionhunter's affair, clad in a dress suit, but carrying a tiny riding whip. It was a costume affair, and Dickey was indignant, and very properly so, because no one recognized him in the character of a horse. Dickey's tastes always did run to personating animals. And he said the riding whip ought to have given everybody the clew."

"I see you are laughing at me again," said the Young Thing. "Then you don't think it would be enough if I wore just the daisies and the white gown?"

"I think it would be impossible for you to take on more the appearance of a Marguerite without much sacrifice. For instance, you might cut white velveteen into petals to form the skirt, letting the edges overlap each other. You could easily get some paint for decorating dress materials and paint the petals rose color. Yellow velvet will do for the waist, and you might have tiny black points painted to imitate the flower's eye. Have the sleeves of hanging petals and the decolletage covered with an empiècement of the same, threaded together at the neck with pearls. Have your headdress of a widespread daisy, the back of green, like the bloom."

"That will be immense," said the Young Thing, rapturously "How did you think of it?"

"By seeking for a contrast to the commonplace," said the experienced one calmly.

A SIMPLE STORY.

"Memories are like the echoes of passions, and these echoes, mellowed by the lapse of years, become vague and melancholy, making the thought of these same passions sweeter."—*Chateaubriand.*

IN her aristocratic salon that had been the scene of many a gay reception and ball, sat, sad and agitated, the Baroness de la Pérouse, conversing with her old and trusted friend Thiburce, the only one whom, on this bleak and gray day, the Baroness had consented to see.

One after the other the members of her set had asked what catastrophe, what *chagrin d'amour* was the cause that this beautiful, *spirituelle* woman of the world had so suddenly refused the homage that, a few months previous, she was delighted to receive from a large circle of friends.

Only Thiburce, the intimate friend and associate of her husband, was permitted free access to the pretty Summer villa and to the luxurious Winter home in the Avenue Hoche.

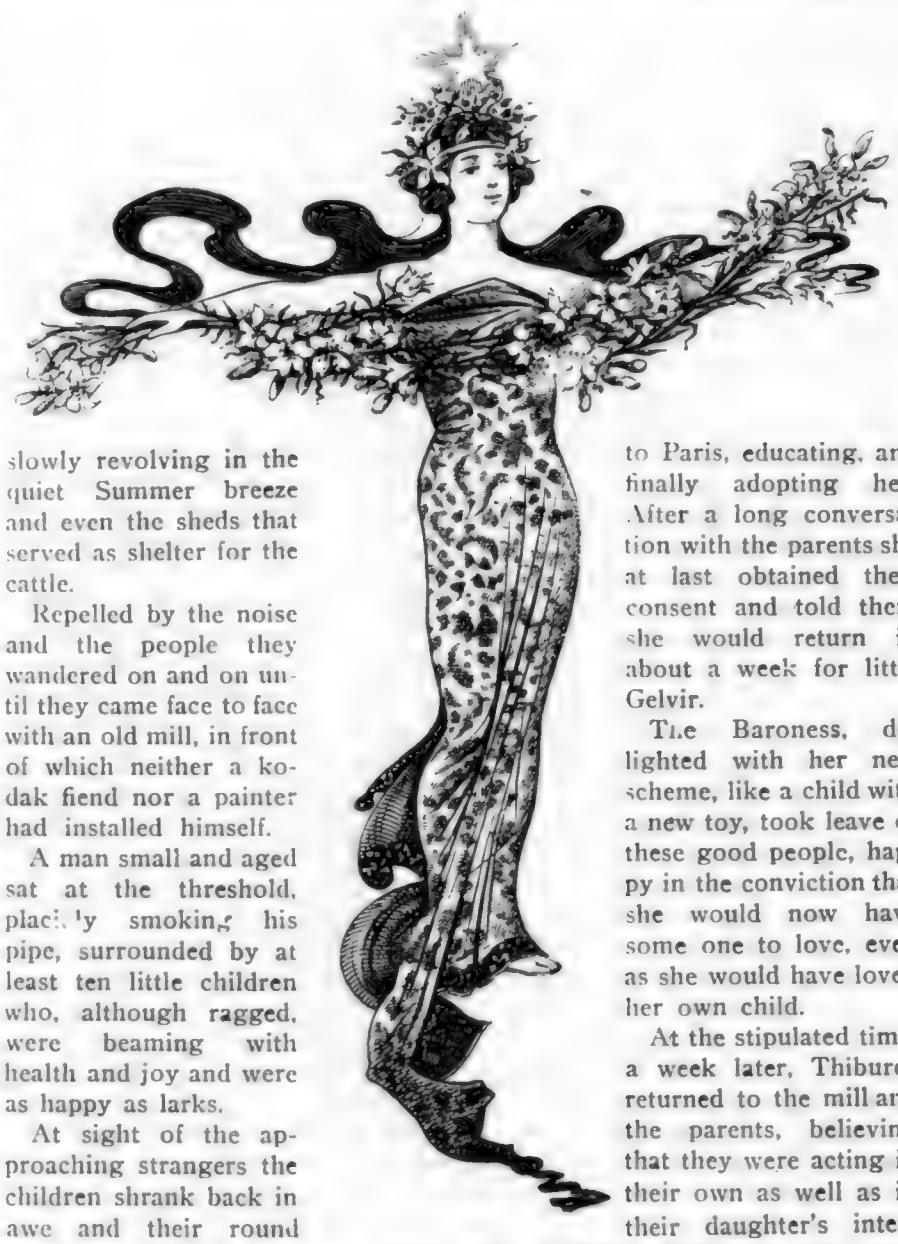
Her home life was rather peculiar. The truth is that the Baron, who was unable to appreciate the qualities of the Baroness, did not comprehend so expansive and delicate a nature as his wife's, and as he had full confidence in his friend Thiburce, he preferred spending his nights at the club or in the wings of the circus, rather than let family ties restrain him. At the same time a sincere friendship united his friend and his wife.

Both had the same aspirations, the same grandeur of soul and spirit, the same tastes. Both read the same books, commented upon and enjoyed the same authors, admired the same heroes. Both had just finished some works of the admirable Rodenbach, the immortal author of "Silence" and "Vies encloses."

Enthused by the latter, they resolved to pass several weeks at *Ville Morte* in seclusion, leading the simplest of lives, in order to fully complete this dream, which to them was full of charm.

After having spent several weeks in sweet solitude they roused themselves from the thoughtful and dreamy atmosphere that enveloped them, and Thiburce and the Baroness decided to explore the environs of the village.

Afterward they regretted this resolution, because, instead of the calm and silence, the reverie they had hoped to continue, they found a crowd of cosmopolitan painters installed everywhere, occupying the prettiest parts, laughing, jesting and painting, sometimes the low, flat boats that were fastened to the barges, sometimes the high grasses that bordered the canals, or the quaint wind-mills whose wheels were



slowly revolving in the quiet Summer breeze and even the sheds that served as shelter for the cattle.

Repelled by the noise and the people they wandered on and on until they came face to face with an old mill, in front of which neither a kodak fiend nor a painter had installed himself.

A man small and aged sat at the threshold, placidly smoking his pipe, surrounded by at least ten little children who, although ragged, were beaming with health and joy and were as happy as larks.

At sight of the approaching strangers the children shrank back in awe and their round eyes opened in wide astonishment. Thiburce addressed the old man, who proved to be the miller, and the Baroness, much fatigued, asked permission to rest a while.

The good man did the honors of his mill with all the grace at his command and introduced his wife, a worthy matron, who at once presented the Baroness with an enormous bowl of delicious milk.

After having spent several minutes in curiously examining the glowing faces of the children now crowded around her, eagerly admiring the jewel-studded gold handle of her parasol, the Baroness was particularly attracted by a little girl of about ten years. She was delighted at the child's natural graceful ways and, acting on a quick impulse quite unusual in the languid, blasé mondaine, she suggested taking her to Paris, educating, and finally adopting her. After a long conversation with the parents she at last obtained their consent and told them she would return in about a week for little Gelvir.

The Baroness, delighted with her new scheme, like a child with a new toy, took leave of these good people, happy in the conviction that she would now have some one to love, even as she would have loved her own child.

At the stipulated time, a week later, Thiburce returned to the mill and the parents, believing that they were acting in their own as well as in their daughter's interest, confided Gelvir to his care.

The Baroness had preferred not to be present at the parting between mother and child. She well knew how painful this would be and knew that if she were a witness of the separation she would lack courage to insist, would probably be induced to abandon her plan and let the child remain with its mother.

But she had no need to fear this. Gelvir parted from her parents, her sisters and brothers without shedding many tears and without showing much emotion.

And the child grew fairer every day, surrounded with every care and comfort, the petted favorite of both the Baroness and Thiburce. The Baron had merely shrugged his shoulders when his wife had presented her little protégé to him, but as he gradually grew accustomed to seeing the child he liked her more and more because of her gentleness.

Gelvir had now reached her twentieth year. She was beautiful, very beautiful, but of a sweet and tender loveliness. Her chestnut hair formed an auerole around her shapely head; her eye luminous, and of the deep blue of ancient faïence, shaded by long lashes, had a gentle and soft look. Her lips, daintily formed, were crimson with health, and wore an expression of ineffable sweetness.

For several weeks the Baroness and Thiburce noticed that their protégé seemed to prefer the society of a young artist of great talent, a painter, who, enamored and charmed with the beauty of the young girl, lost no opportunity to be with her.

One day this young man offered her a water color representing an old mill in Flanders. Gelvir gave a cry of surprise, grew suddenly pale, and clasping her hands, exclaimed:

"My mill! Oh! How did you come there! You cannot comprehend the emotion I feel on seeing my old home! There I was born, there I would like to be, live and—"

"Love?" interrupted the painter.

"Perhaps."

Away in the distance in the little painting the sea shone with blue, gray and green reflections. There, as a child, with her little brothers and sisters she had run gaily around with head and feet bare, the salty breeze playing with their curly hair.

Before the mind's eye rose the little troup gathering pebbles among the sea-weed and watching the waves break, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun.

She recalled the evenings of long ago, when the whole family sat around the blazing fire, and the breeze, increasing in strength during the night, turned the large wheel of the ancient mill, while the children, fatigued with play, closed their tired eyes and slept sweetly, lulled by the music of the night.

Then putting this picture aside she saw her present life. Paris, filled with gay crowds, the flashing, gleaming gems which the generosity of the Baroness had heaped upon her, the blue sky sparkling with stars, infinitely more beautiful than the gems she wore. The waves, with their fairy-like irridescent tints, were sweeter than the silks, sweeter than the laces and satins with which her wardrobe was profusely filled.

And, one morning, without having aroused the least suspicion in the Baroness, Gelvir was gone, leaving this simple note:

"You who have overwhelmed me with bounty will perhaps not pardon my fault; but, there, far away from you, madame, without jewels and costly toilettes, my feet bare, my dress coarse and homely and with many patches, happy always, I am going to live, beneath the roof of my parents with all its meager bareness, looking out on the sea, with its trailing mists; I cannot think of it without the tears rising to my eyes. My distant home, for which I have yearned and cried so long in vain.

"Good-by, madame, and once more I ask you to pardon me.

"Gelvir."

This is why Thiburce, returning from a futile chase to Flanders after the fugitive, was sorrowfully and sadly conversing with the Baroness on this gray, bleak day. And she, aged by this sudden grief and great distress, was reproaching him with lack of eloquence to induce the return of the runaway.

And yet another, younger than he, with sweet smile and tender voice, was vainly lamenting at the threshold of the mill because the young girl was determined to live her life as she had planned, and repulsed his supplication and the assurance of his love.

* * *

A PAIR OF CORSETS THAT BROUGHT ABOUT A COMICAL SITUATION.

This is a straight-front story, that had its beginning in Boston and its tragic end in New York. They were purchased on Temple place, a street sacred to women shoppers, whether from Beacon street or Somerville, and were guaranteed to give the proper effect for the season.

"They are perfectly comfortable and will never give you the least trouble," said the girl who sold them.

"Certainly they ought not to," the husband of the fair purchaser remarked, when they came home C. O. D. He is a very young man, and, though he admires his new wife (he still blushingly calls her his bride) in inverse proportion to her income, this last addition to her wardrobe rather staggered him. Moreover, he doesn't approve of "the proper effect for the season" and had several times announced the fact. But Bettie, which is the name the bride answers to, looked so trim and stylish when she had donned them under a dark traveling suit, that he put his arm around her waist and found the slimness quite to his taste.

So they kissed and set out gay as two children from their lodgings on the back of Beacon Hill for the South station. It was the first day of his vacation, and they were going to New York. He got on the extreme edge of the sidewalk several times the better to observe her. She certainly did look very young, almost too young to be anybody's wife, and very pretty and very stylish. He noticed proudly that several men turned to look at her, and flattered himself that he was not jealous.

"Bettie," he said, "I wish I had let you wear that style of those kind of—those things before."

She laughed, much pleased, told him that he was a funny, bashful man, and if he didn't dare say the word he'd better not try again to dictate the style, and anyway, wouldn't he please keep his grammar straight when he talked about them. But there was a shade of trouble in her tone. This he was too much a man to notice. He did notice, however, that she climbed into the Pullman car rather gingerly and grew less and less communicative as the train sped through Connecticut.

"John," she said suddenly, with that air of a dogmatist announcing a new and irrefutable truth which a woman assumes to hide the fact that she is beaten. "I can't stand these things any longer. It's worse than being hugged by a bear. What can I do?"

John's old hostility returned with the chance to say, I told you so. "Were you ever hugged by a bear?" he remarked blandly.

"Worse than that," she answered.

"When?"

"The night you proposed to me."

John looked out of the window. There were some women in a field pulling weeds laboriously. "I tell you," said he, "throw them out of the window to those women. They would add materially to the comfort of bending over all day."

"John, don't! I tell you they are hurting me awfully. What shall I do?"

"Go into the ladies' room at the end of the car, and take them off," he said, "then wrap them up in this newspaper."

She came back presently, drew a deep breath of relief and exclaimed: "There. I feel better."

"Shh," said he, his color rising at the smile he detected on the face of the woman across the aisle. "Do you want to tell the whole car? Why haven't you brought them back; did you throw them out of the window after all?"

"No; but I hate a newspaper parcel, so I put them out of sight on the back of a shelf, behind a pile of papers."

The train sped on. It grew warm in the car. "Take off your jacket, dear," said John. But she said: "No, I can't, stupid" and blushed. The woman across the aisle tittered. John grew red again. It was very trying for a modest man, and he felt injured and angry. Bettie grew more cheerful. John didn't. She bantered him; he resented it, telling her that her actions surprised him, that he was grieved beyond measure to find her almost immodest. Then she grew pathetic and he would not comfort her, so that at 125th street they were not on speaking terms.

As the train neared the Grand Central station a newsboy passed down the car with a bundle of papers under his arm. Out of the bundle a string was trailing. Bettie gave one look, and uttered a smothered shriek. The occupants of the car turned in their seats.

"What is it?" cried her husband, forgetting all differences.

"John, he's got them, he's gone off with them!"

"Who's got what?"

"The boy, the newsboy. He's got my, my, my—"

"Your, your—them?"

"Yes, stop him quick."

John rushed through the car, but the train was already entering the station, and by the time he reached the smoking car, the boy was gone. He rushed back again, to find his young wife waiting nervously, and the fellow passengers waiting, too.

"He's gone, he's got away," John panted; "but what are all these people doing here? Why don't they get off?"

"Oh, dear, I told them that the paper boy had taken something of mine, but I got around telling them what he took. They are waiting to see, I suppose. Oh, dear!"

Some one suggested calling the conductor to find the boy. The conductor was coming as fast as he could to see what the trouble was.

"Quick, stop the newsboy," said Bettie.

"Yes, stop him, he's got off the train with something of mine—I mean my wife's—find him," cried John.

"Quick, he'll get away, the young thief," cried the passengers.

The conductor vanished, but soon reappeared with the paper boy by the ear. Though the skin of the latter's face was pulled awry by the process, he managed to wear a fine air of outraged innocence.

"Now, sir," said the conductor, "what have you got that belongs to this young lady or to this gentleman? Out with it."

"I ain't got nothin' that belongs to neither of 'em, I tell yer," he declared wrathfully.

"O!" said Bettie. "I saw him taking them out; I saw the—the—the lace."

"Was it a shawl?" piped a small maiden lady.

"Was it a shawl?" asked the conductor.

"No, it wasn't a shawl. It was—they were—you tell them—John."

Bettie was in tears by this time, and finished her sentence in a dampness. "I wish I had never bought—I mean I wish I'd never come."

John stifled his bashfulness, his mortification, and his wrath, and nerved himself. "They were," he declared, "my wife's—that is to say, she left them on a shelf down there at the end of the car—"

"They were your wife's what?" demanded the conductor, impatiently.

"Yes, your wife's what?" echoed the small maiden lady.

"They were my wife's corsets!"

The word came out like a bombshell, whereat there burst over the boy's face a look of intelligence.

"Oh, hell!" he said, at which the small maiden lady vented the horrified scream that had already reached her lips. "Them things are there still! What did you think I needed of corsets; ain't me shape good enough?"

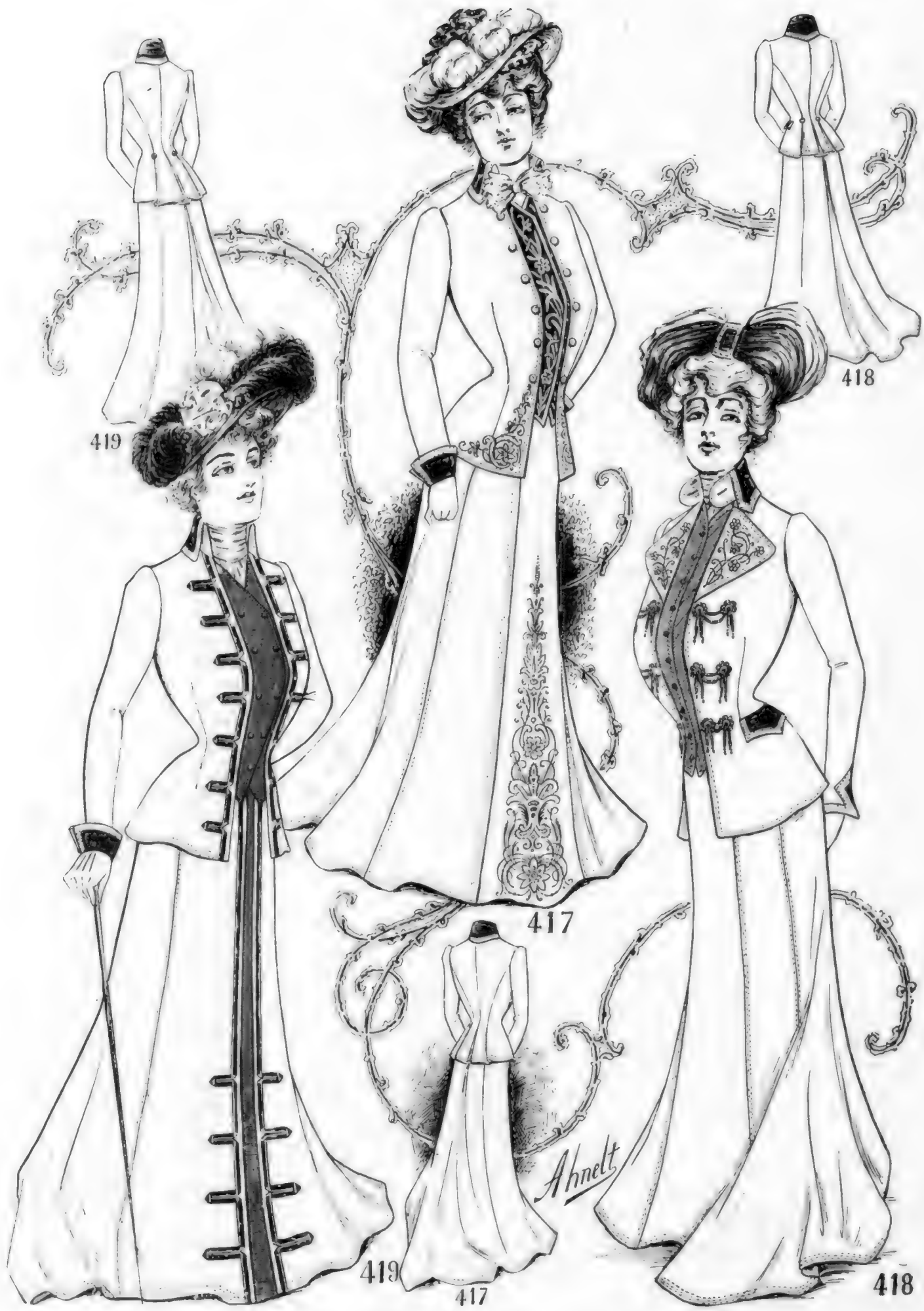
"But the string hanging out of your bundle?" said Bettie.

"That was me wrappin' twine. I left the corsets on the shelf. Go see."

Bettie went and returned with burning cheeks and a bundle under arm. John healed the boy's wounded feelings with silver salve and the passengers departed, grinning. The chaste skirts of the small maiden lady were scarcely out of the door when John turned on his wife, found his voice without any trouble this time and exclaimed savagely, "D—— those corsets!"

The answer clipped the wings of his wrath.

"Amen," said Bettie.

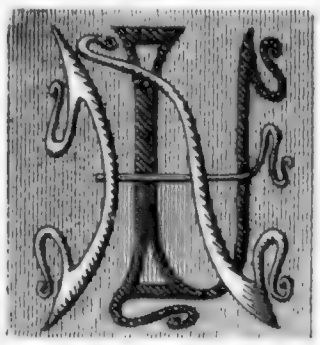


HANDSOME FALL TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 13.)

NOVEL SEAWEED DECORATION.

FROM a French paper we gather the following seasonable hints, which may be welcomed by holiday makers as an agreeable pastime. On a photo frame, small panel, or casket in plain, smooth wood brush a coat of gum arabic mixed with water, or some other adhesive. Then take a handful of very fine beach sand and let it filter between the fingers in a shower to fall on the sticky surface as a uniform and all over powdering. As soon as it has firmly adhered spread and fix on it some dry trailing seaweed, and enliven with one or two wee crabs also dried, and a few pretty shells, each of a different type. It would be wise to arrange the device beforehand on a piece of paper, so as to insure success and avoid any rubbing or scratching, inevitable whenever alterations are required. Now impart a bright *tout ensemble* to this marine collection.



A. U.—Monogram for Cotton or Silk Embroidery.

Cheap bronze metallic powders answer best for the purpose. If not bought already mixed for immediate use, the powder will have to be laid on with a tiny brush previously dipped in some seccatif. Daub, for instance, a little bronze green over the crabs, then with gold or silver, or a shade brighter than the one employed for the raised items; it will throw out the quaintness of the design in a most pleasing manner. Another notion is to first paint the wood white or any dainty color, and then to powder it, not this time with fine sand, but with a mixed quality, to give more unevenness to the surface. An endless combination of weeds, shells and coloring can easily be contrived. Flowers from the field and garden are scarcely available for this rustic treatment, but the branches of pine trees, with their cones and needle-like leaves, can be turned to account in a similar way. To curve in shape and fix the stems in position the tiny bent nails used to fasten electric wires will come handy. Gravel here replaces the sand for the foundation, which also may be ebonized or daintily painted with a few appropriate flowers and insects.

EMBROIDERED DOYLIES.

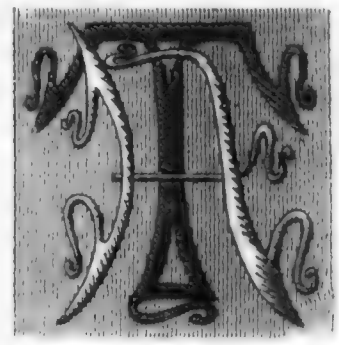
While the edict has gone forth that only white embroidery may be used for the dinner table, there are many housekeepers who refuse to give up the beautiful doylies embroidered in floral designs that have been such a feature of table decoration for several years past. The stamped linen designs are selling in the department stores quite as well as ever, and the manufacturers of the silks keep adding new and beautiful colors to their collections, which actually rival in their tinting the natural bloom of the rose and the violet.

A Pretty Pattern for Renaissance Lace.

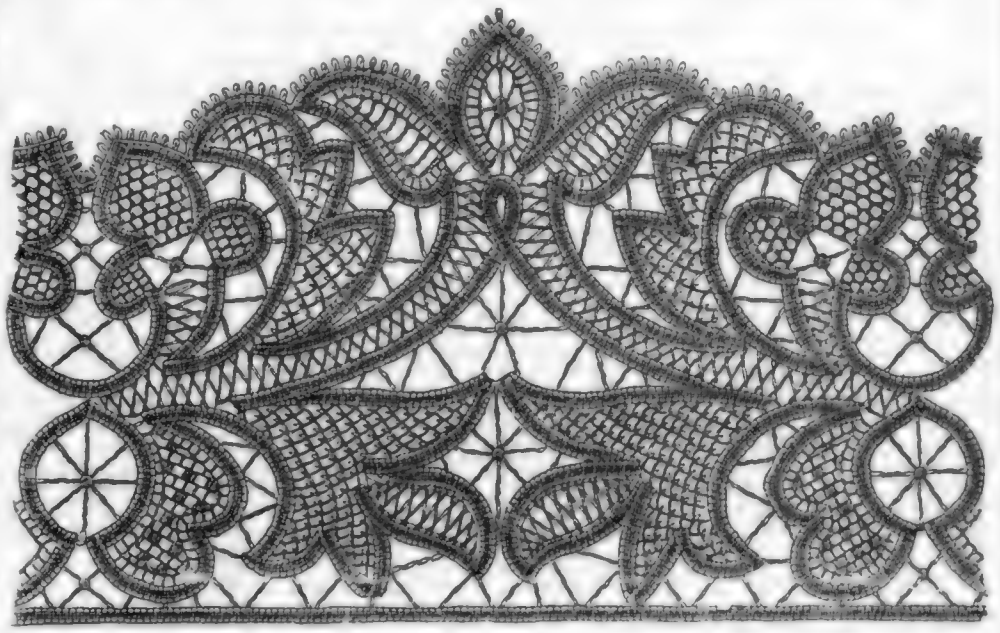
For those who follow the custom of serving breakfast and luncheon on a polished table top with the doylies spread upon it without the usual cloth, nothing can take the place of the exquisite floral centerpieces and plate mats. As wedding gifts these sets, embroidered in the favorite blossom of the bride, are very much in evidence, forming a pleasant relief to the cut glass and silver which make such a formidable array on these occasions.

An exquisite set made to order for a recent bride consists of twenty pieces done on the finest linen edged with lace. The design is a delicate drawn cluster of white violets with but little foliage. The bunch of blossoms varies upon each piece. The flowers are done in a dead white Japanese floss with a shading of palest green toward the center of each violet.

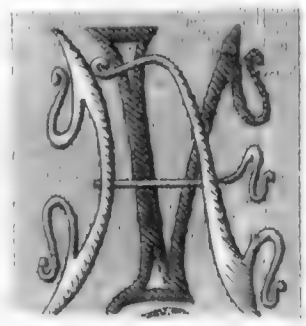
Among some pretty cloths seen recently is one of oval shape in white linen, most exquisitely buttonholed round the edge with white silk—this is a task calling for much skill on account of the difficult shape; it is further ornamented with two sprays of lilies, showing great variety in the stitches. Then comes a most dainty cloth with a beautifully worked design in drawn thread on white linen with a deep hemstitched border. Another white cloth was worked, after a somewhat uncommon fashion nowadays, with sprays of shamrocks, in an open buttonhole stitch; this was neatly carried out. Some calceolarias, most equisitely worked, showed up very well on a white linen ground; the stitchery of this was quite perfect. A pretty example of drawn thread-work on brown holland had a design of squares, each worked in a different colored silk. Another cloth also adorned with drawn thread had in addition insertions and border of torchon lace, which accorded well with the white linen of which it was made. An exceedingly pretty cloth of white linen was most beautifully and delicately embroidered with a very uncommon design of three storks in different color



A. T.—Monogram for Cotton or Silk Embroidery.



Renaissance Lace Edging.



A. V.—Monogram for Cotton or Silk Embroidery.

CLOTH GOWNS BUTTONED IN BACK.

(Described on page 13.)

"TO FORGIVE—DIVINE!"

THE South African sun poured down with merciless rays upon the broad veldt, scorching all things with unpitying impartiality. The heart-breaking battle of Magersfontein was at an nd but the occasional ping-ping of the Mauser bullets as they wended their way through the air showed that the enemy were still practicing their aim upon the khaki-clad heroes of the fight.

Already the stretcher-bearers were in the field, calm, ale ', and swift. The work of picking-up and transferring the fallen men from the field to the stretchers was performed with professional deftness. All went well.

On one of the stretchers there lay a thin, sharp-featured young man, from whose lips there came the constant cry:

"Try to go easy, bearers, please! The slightest movement gives me awful pai..."

Hugh Barrington was a hero in battle, but a child in the hour of suffering. He could do much, but could endure little, his courage belonged t the active rather than the passive kind of heroism. He breathed a sigh of relief as the field hospital came into view, and he was borne within its hospitable walls.

A dozen surgeons, with shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbows, were doing rapid work among the patients as they were brought in. Here and there a man uttered a cry of pain as a swift operation was gone through, but the majority of the wounded bore their sufferings with closed lips.

Barrington turned to the surgeon who came towards him, and asked, hurriedly:

"Is it all up with me, doctor?" Tell me frankly, if you please. It is always better to know the truth."

"Wait a moment!"

The wound was in the chest and it looked ugly enough to the surgeon's experienced eye, as he knelt beside the young officer; but he only said:

"H'm. Bullet in the right lung, obviously. Nasty place too. Orderly, the chloroform, please!"

Barrington was about to question further, but the chloroform saved him the trouble. Ten minutes later the bullet lay in the surgeon's hand and the operation was over.

The surgeon's work, as far as Barrington was concerned, ended at this point. The young man was placed in bed, and a nurse, bearing upon her a m the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention, came forward to watch beside him. But even as her eyes fell upon the unconscious face, she drew back with a low cry.

"Hugh! Merciful heavens!"

In one instant memory had taken her back to a certain afternoon two years ago when the following letter had been put into her hands:

"My Dear Evelyn (the letter had said)—You will think me a brute for writing these lines, but I want to tell you that I fancy our engagement has been a great mistake. We are only boy and girl lovers after all, and I am sure that neither you nor I know our own minds sufficiently well to enter upon matrimony together. I therefore want you to release me from my engagement and to try and not think more unkindly of me than you can help.

"Yours, Hugh Barrington."

She remembered now how she had broken down and sobbed on receiving that letter, but how she had replied to it coldly enough, telling him that she was more than willing to let him go. All this did the white faced nurse remember as she stood at the bedside of the man who had so cruelly jilted her two short years ago.

She still loved him. Women of her stamp do not love lightly, and with them the first passion is the last as well. She had sought solace from the sting of her sorrow first of all in an hospital at home, and now in the hospital at Magersfontein, but the pain still lingered in her heart, and she told herself that it would remain there until that heart should beat no more.

"Evelyn, don't you know me?"

Hugh had returned to consciousness now, and the first face that his eyes had beheld after emerging from the land of dreams was the face of the woman whom he had treated so basely in the days gone by. He stammered forth the question with trembling lips, wondering by what strange trick of fate he had been brought face to face with his old love.

"Evelyn, don't you know me?"

He repeated the question with passionate longing. The woman for whom he had jilted Evelyn Hope had long since thrown him over, and many a time since then had he longed with an aching heart for Evelyn's love—for the touch of her hand, the pressure fo her lips upon his. And now it seemed to him that he had found her only to lose her, for life appeared to be ebbing away from him with horrible swiftness.

"Yes, I know you, Hugh. Do you think it possible that I should forget you so soon?"

The answer was spoken gently enough. The bitterness that would have been natural in the circumstances did not appear. Her tone was almost kind.

"I think one thing," he said, hoarsely, "and that is, you are the best woman I have ever known."

"You did not think that," she returned, quietly, "two years ago."

"I did, Evelyn—I did; but I was under the spell of a terrible infatuation. I have learned long since what a fool I was and what a fiend—what a fiend—she was. But let that pass. I am dying now, and I ask for your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" she echoed, softly. "Of what use can my forgiveness be to you? You abandoned my love. Surely, whether I hate you or adore it can mean little to you now."

"It means everything," he answered, feverishly, "for I declare to you, Evelyn, that you are the only woman who has ever had my heart. The other woman was an infatuation. She passed as such women always do pass. But as for you, I have thought of you ever since, and cursed myself a thousand times for my wiskedness and folly in behaving as I did."

Evelyn turned aside. Hers was not a harsh nature, but she found it difficult to frame words of forgiveness. Her lips remained rigid.

The surgeon passed the bed at that moment.

"How is your patient?" he asked, abruptly.

"He has just awakened," she replied, hurredly.

The doctor felt Barringer's pulse, and passed his hand over the young man's forehead.

"Feverish—very," he declared, promptly. "I'm afraid he's going to have a bad time."

The words came true. During the next few days Lieutenant Barrington lay between life and death. Evelyn watched over him with incessant care, tendering him day and night with unutterable devotion; but it seemed to her that the grim shadow grew nearer and nearer to the bed, and there came the hour when all appeared to have vanished.

Through the long night she watched beside his bed, and from the depths of her heart there went up a prayer to heaven that he might live.

The dawn was white upon the blind when he awoke, and asked with a smile:

"Are you there, Eve, dear?"

"I am here, Hugh."

At the sound of her voice speaking his name he smiled again.

"Have you forgiven me, Eve?"

"Yes; as I hope to be forgiven."

"God bless you, Eve."

He smiled again, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

* * * * *

When the surgeon went his rounds of the hospital two hours later he found Hugh Barrington sleeping peacefully. The fever had abated—his pulse was touching a more normal beat, and the surgeon smiled.

"He'll pull through," he said, gladly; "but he'll want lots of care. And if I'm not very much mistaken," he added, glancing as he spoke at Evelyn, "he'll have it."

The careful nursing that the surgeon had anticipated was forthcoming, and there came the day when Lieutenant Barrington was pronounced cured, but unfit for further service in the campaign. He was to be invalided home, and was to sail for England on the Dunvegan Castle.

Before he went he sat with Evelyn in the quiet enclosure at the back of the hospital, and said, in a voice that was almost harsh with emotion:

"Evelyn, I want you to give up this nursing and come home with me."

She shook her head.

"I could not do that," she replied, gently.

"What would you think of a soldier who deserted his post before the battle was done?"

He smiled.

"Your simile is a good one," he said, sadly; "and, what is more, it is unanswerable. But I am willing to make a compromise. Will you promise to overlook the past and marry me when the war is over, and you come back to the old country once more?"

Now, what should she have said? Had she been the heroine of a novel she would have held her head very high, and have dismissed him with a scornful glance. She would have told him that his presence was an insult—his offer an outrage. But you see, she was no heroine; but just a simple girl who loved still and loved much.

And her hand went towards his, and she said:

"Yes."

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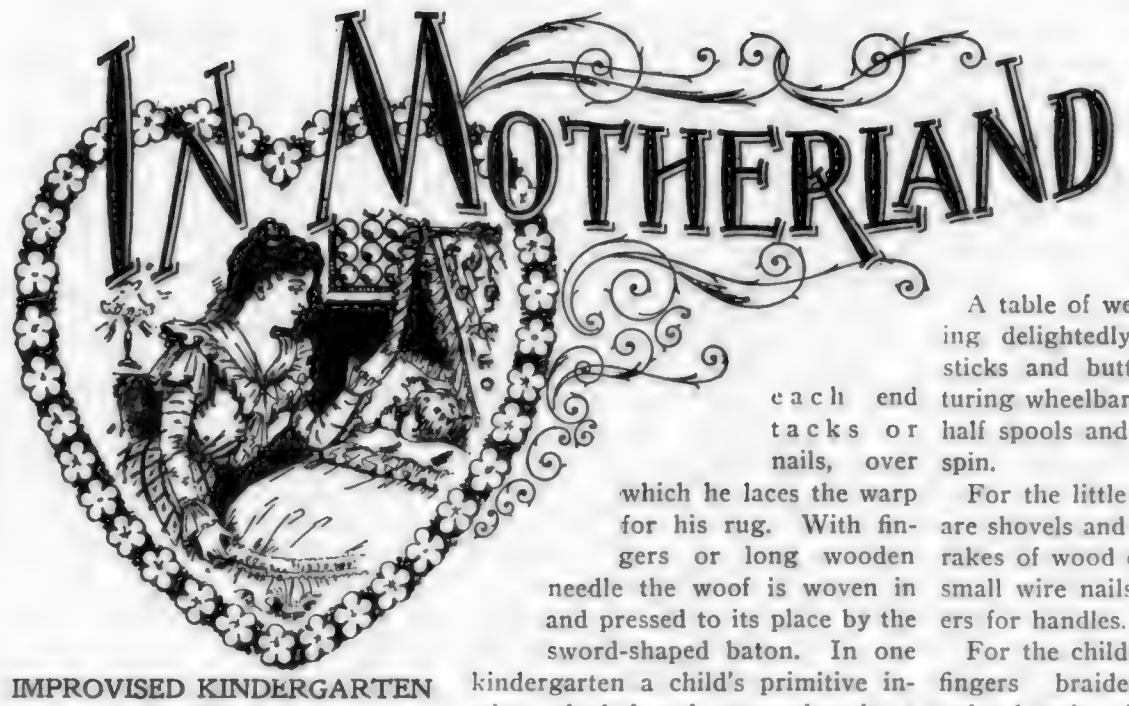
COMFORTABLE NÉGLIGÉS.

(Described on page 13.)



IMPROVISED KINDERGARTEN MATERIAL.

HOW shall we kindergartners, asks Mrs. Ada Mae Brooks, utilize the contents of the small boy's pockets? Such trash! you exclaim, and we are afraid you include the question in your exclamation, but we stand our ground. Do you designate your own carefully hoarded treasures as trash? And the boy's to him are just as dear. We must meet the question squarely if we would be all that we should to the child, and live kindergartners are awakening to the fact.

Much can be made of apparently unpromising material.

Really pretty and useful articles can be made from florists' fiber, rattan, reeds, wire and twine. For a basket take an uneven number of wires of sufficient weight to make firm ribs; cross and fasten in the middle by twisting the wire or by tying. Bend into the desired shape and, starting in the middle, weave with several strands of fiber in a bunch, over and under, round and round, wrapping the strands once around each rib. Finish by bending the wires over and concealing the ends in the woven part.

Rattan comes in several sizes, and is made pliable by soaking in water for several hours. Use the larger size for the ribs just as the wire was used, except that they may best be joined in the middle by making slits through some and slipping the others through. The work is made simpler by weaving over and under, too, for about an inch from the middle, when it is easy to separate the ribs. Smaller rattan or fiber is used for the weaving.

Heavy twine, braid, strips of palm leaves, bark, etc., have many possibilities for usefulness in making baskets, doll hats, etc.

Another of the many ways of satisfying a child's weaving propensities is by utilizing almost any material, felt, braid, worsted, rags, etc., for the making of rugs.

Let the work be his own from the beginning, he making his frame of four strips of wood, and putting in each end tacks or nails, over which he laces the warp for his rug. With fingers or long wooden needle the woof is woven in and pressed to its place by the sword-shaped baton. In one kindergarten a child's primitive instincts had found expression in a woven rag strip, into which were stuck many colored feathers (dyed with water colors or diamond dye), making a very Indian-like headgear.

Have you seen the small carpenters at work upon a doll's house? A packing box furnishes them with outer walls; but there is the floor for the upstairs, the partitions for the different rooms, the roof to be supplied, and the openings for the doors and windows to be cut. Then come the painters and paper-hangers.

In the meantime the house furnishers have been busy and now display their goods. Odds and ends of wood have been transformed into tables, chairs, benches, cupboards, etc., some plain, some painted. One bedroom set was made of red maple twigs, fastened together with pins or small tacks. String carried across from one side-board of the bed to the other made the support for the mattress. Match-boxes furnished the bureau with drawers, and the top of a condensed-milk can answered the purpose of a mirror. There were also chests of drawers made of apothecaries' boxes pasted together, having for handles brass paper fasteners.

Spool boxes made quite safe beds for the clothes-pin babies, who had extensive though simple wardrobes, consisting of circular pieces of cloth with holes in them large enough to slip over the baby's head, a little sash, and Baby is dressed for the day.

When rugs are spread upon the floor, curtains hung across the windows, and pictures on the wall, the beds well supplied with mattresses and comforts, linen and pillows, all furnished by the eager children, the doll family have a comfortable, cozy home.

Should they need an outing, there are street and "choo-choo" cars of great variety, some of pasteboard, some of wooden boxes, and some of blocks. All that is needed for the coupling is double-pointed tacks and wire or twine. Button molds make satisfactory wheels.

There are wagons and wheel-barrows, too. I noticed one particularly attractive wagon having for the body an oblong strawberry box, button molds for wheels, and a meat skewer for a tongue.

A table of wee people were working delightedly with spool boxes, sticks and button molds, manufacturing wheelbarrows. Tops made of half spools and pointed sticks really spin.

For the little gardeners' use there are shovels and hoes of thin tin, and rakes of wood or cork with teeth of small wire nails or tacks and skewers for handles.

For the children themselves, busy fingers braided heavy, loosely-twisted twine into jumping ropes, large spools serving for handles.

We saw a happy group leaving the kindergarten one day wearing hats made of tea matting, with bright cloth binding, strings and bows.

But the children do not work for themselves alone, for there are book covers of defender paper and leatherette; oil-cloth mats, soap pockets, etc.; fancy pressed-board boxes of various shapes, laced with fancy cord or ribbon through holes made with a punch; photographs mounted upon fancy board; decorations of tiny clam shells strung with straws; window boxes, shelves, knife boxes and other simple articles of wood; dust cloths of cheese cloth, overcast with worsted; photo-holders, head-rests, etc., made of canvas and other loosely woven cloth, overcast with cord or silk; beautiful window transparen ies made by pasting gelatine film over designs in cardboard.

If the children show a disposition to make use of what comes in their way, teachers must be prepared to meet and direct them in this use, and the interest training schools feel in the subject is shown in the unique articles made by training classes from outside material. We will only mention a few suggestive results:

A house, barn and chicken house made of packing cardboard glued together, set in spacious grounds, which were laid out in gravel walks and set with twig trees, reminding one of a summer cottage by the sea.

Broom straws, wire, tinfoil and a stick, all had a part in the making of a broom and the stiffer ends of florists' fiber, doubled and fastened to a small block by means of double-pointed tacks, furnished the house with the necessary scrubbing brush.

Chairs of many designs may be made, one of the simplest having cork for the body and a back of pins laced with worsted.

A spool with two holes bored in one side, into which a rattan handle was fastened, made a serviceable candlestick.

Bedstead and chairs of willow twigs, leaving the bud ends for decorations, and having lacing of braid or bark, made most attractive furniture.

"VIYELLA"

THE NEW CLOTH
for Ladies' Flannel Waists,
Dressing Sacques, Children's Frocks, etc.,
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GIRLS' CLOTH COATS.

(Described on page 13.)

THE COMPASS OF LIFE.

ALECK BROWN flicked the ash from his cigarette; and it fell among the plants, leaving the glowing end, which shone in the dim light of the conservatory.

"Has the moonlight any effect over you?" he asked. "It exercises a wonderful spell on me."

"Yes," replied the woman at his side, "its influence is always soothing; I love the night and its shadows."

"It is a restful time," said Brown. "Look how beautiful everything seems outside. Shall we take a stroll?"

"If you like," she replied nervously, for she knew the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

They passed into the garden, flooded by the soft light. Below them lay the river, shimmering like a silver snake.

"Allow me to guide you," he suggested, offering his arm, as they came to the shadow of the trees, "the path is dark."

Mabel Ashley accepted the proffered support.

"Many paths are dark and rough," she said, with a bitter laugh, "and one has not always a pilot."

Brown gazed intently into her face, but he could not fathom her meaning.

"How gladly would some fill that post forever," he whispered eagerly.

"May not even a pilot run aground?" she inquired, looking away from him at the glassy surface of the river, which they had reached.

"Sometimes, I suppose; but if he fails the uninitiated has but little chance alone," he said. "But on new waters, on the open sea——"

"The compass must be the pilot," she laughed; "and the compass of life is Conscience."

The man drew her hand more closely to him. He bent over her trying to see her averted face, his breath, short and labored, played against her cheek.

"You are speaking in riddles," he said, "let us be plain. Have you thought over what I asked you?"

"Yes," she said, "we are speaking in riddles. Perhaps it is best to keep up the illusion."

"No; a thousand times no," he pleaded.

The moon shone on her throat, making it like marble.

"We shall want that pilot," said Mabel, laughing nervously.

"Let me be the pilot of both our lives," murmured Brown.

"To wreck them?" she asked.

"No; to steer them to the haven of bliss," he replied.

She shook her head doubtfully.

"You know that you constitute the whole world to me," he continued. "And I am conceited enough to believe that you do not dislike me."

A sigh escaped from her trembling lips.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Brown.

"I was thinking—wondering," replied Mabel.

"What about?" he inquired, bringing his face very close to her cheek.

"Whether a woman ever could be happy if she merely thought of self," said Mabel meditatively. "She takes vows unconditionally, and she should abide by them."

"If she is miserable, if a man who adores her offers her his love, what should she do?" he urged.

"I must answer you by another question," she replied. "Would a man who loved a woman, in the highest sense of the word, place temptation in her way?"

Brown gazed stolidly in front of him, without speaking. He bit his lips to repress the emotions which were surging within him.

"I think not," she continued, by a great effort maintaining an outward calm. "He would seek to shield her in every way."

The man caught the suppressed emotion in her voice, and he summoned his energies for a last essay.

"Could any one weigh a few weeks' annoyance against years of wretchedness?" he pleaded.

"This is a purely selfish view," she said.

"But it is common sense," he replied irritably.

"Yet the woman who listened to it would be utterly wrong," she answered.

She spoke decidedly, but the hand on his arm trembled.

"Mrs. Ashley—Mabel," his voice was scarcely above a whisper, "I asked you to escape from a life that is hateful to you. What is your answer?"

Her lips were closed tightly. A struggle was taking place in her heart.

"Can you ask?" she murmured, in a distressed tone, "my husband, my honor?"

He laughed in a sneering way, that galled her.

"Does your husband hold exalted ideas?" he asked, tauntingly.

"Men seldom do," she replied, wearily.

He took the hand that rested on his arm in his own, and pressed it.

"Excuse me," he said, "if I differ from you. Because your lot has fallen in rough places, and been hard, you should not judge all mankind by the one specimen you know."

Tears were very near the surface, but she struggled.

"Life has been hard," she groaned, "but you should not make it harder to endure."

"Come to me," he cried, passionately, "come; let me prove to you that some men are constant."

"But my children," she contended, trying to regain her self-control, "what of them? They would grow up to despise their mother, perhaps even to abhor her memory. Oh, I could not face that. Never; though life should be dark to the day of my death."

A little cloud flitted across the moon, casting a momentary shadow. When it passed, Brown saw tears glistening on her lashes.

"This is your decision," said the man.

"It is," she replied, steadily.

The memory of her children had come at the right moment. It had restored her to herself.

"Ah, Mr. Brown," she added more lightly, withdrawing her hand from his arm, "let us return to riddles; they are safer. You are like an overdaring pilot who, presuming on his knowledge of the coast, would run too near the sunken rocks."

"I would sail over them to reach you," he said, angrily.

"Let us go in," she said. "And promise me not to speak of this again. I was wrong to listen; but you must make amends by forgetting what has passed. Promise?"

The man was furious, but he controlled himself.

"If I must," he muttered, ungraciously.

"Thank you," she replied, as they reached the conservatory door. "Then we may still be friends."

* * *

APHORISMS.

I doubt not the shabby Mother Hubbard wrapper has been more than once the cause of a husband's first admiring glance at the trim stenographer.

There are two distinct types of women—women of the heart and women of the intellect—there are many of the former and few of the latter. The world's history shines with the names of the Portia and Hypatia type, whose intellectual greatness is accompanied by chaste and affectionate hearts, and, too, the pages of history are black with the ambitious villainies concocted in the sharp brains of the Lady Macbeths and the Catherine De Medicis—women who have burnt up with the fire of intellectual passion the waters of mercy which ever floods the heart of the true woman.

"VIYELLA."

The high class English cloth "Viyella" is the propper material for ladies' flannel waists. This cloth is made in Great Britain, and has won for itself a household name all over the continent. Nine years ago this fabric made its appearance in London and received a wholesome welcome at the hands of modern society, and satisfactorily met the requirements of all nationalities.

Its superior construction, its absolute unshrinkability and its extraordinary durable qualities, have given it a world-wide advertisement.

"Viyella" has an enormous sale for ladies' flannel waists, dressing sacques, knickerbockers and children's dresses, etc.

After repeated washings "Viyella" does not shrink, and retains the same soft luster, without losing its colors.

"Viyella" comes in all the latest Fall designs and shades, including solid colorings, stripes and plaids; and can be obtained at all leading dry goods stores It might interest our readers to know that "Viyella" is manufactured by Wm. Hollins & Co., Limited. Great Britain.

The goods bearing a stamp "Viyella" every five yards of each piece.

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COLOR STUDIES.

THE subject of color meanings which came up for recent discussion before a woman's club famous for its discovery of the sex of the American eagle, has long been a fad with London's æsthetic set. These apostles of the beautiful have discovered not only that one's character is expressed in the color most affected, but also that colors themselves have an inherent meaning of their own.

"Blue," an artist once declared, "is the most beautiful thing in the world." Whistler's dining room, done entirely in blue and yellow tints, was the talk of London. To the artist it expressed beauty, light and life, and when it was flooded with golden sunshine, the effect was startling to the beholder, the room looking like a great glittering jewel.

Blue means not only beauty, but also truth, faith and all the greater virtues. Gray, the color of the dove's plumage, has long been accepted as the badge of Quaker propriety. In all its shades, from silvery pearl to the deeper colorings, it is quiet and rarely discordant, lending a gentle, refined atmosphere to its wearer. Gray has always been a favorite color for the traveling garb of brides, and silver fox and chinchilla, the two gray furs, are always chosen by artistic modistes for the wear of débutantes. It is the color of innocence and inexperience.

Scarlet in all its deeper shades is the wickedest of colors, the very rogue of the rainbow. It flaunts its badness, and as the color culturists say, sounds loud, brazen and defiant as a clanging bell. It is the color of sin and of war. While it has its place in a soldier's uniform, it is difficult to understand in a cardinal's coat.

As it lightens to rose, it refines in sentiment, and reaching the pink shades it typifies cheerfulness, hope, youth, joy, all that is brightest in life. As a proof of its cheering tendencies, the lecturer of the woman's club called the attention of her hearers to the feeling of exaltation that took possession of any one of them on observing a milliner's window filled with pink chiffon hats.

Violet is one of the most exquisitely picturesque and interesting of colors, poetic, tender, dreamy as the blossom from which it takes its name. As it deepens it indicates love, and then goes on to passion's purples. Deep carmine and some shades of rose having the purplish tinge also express some of love's subtlest and deepest phases. But violet is love's own emblem, mingling the blue of constancy, the pink of happiness and the white of purity.

Green has always been accepted as the tint of jealousy; but green, like yellow, has been misrepresented, for the newer color cult says that green

GIRLS' CLOTH FROCKS.

(Described on page 13.)

being the tint of returning spring, symbolizes hope, rejuvenation and eternity. In many of its shades it indicates regal pride, luxury and plenty with a dominating majesty that should make it the real color of royalty.

Yellow, chosen now as the color type of life, light, spirit and action, has fallen into disfavor, wrongly, it seems. Yet in American parlance a yellow dog stands for meanness, while in the Western States yellow is an adjective that means everything lowest and most cowardly. It attained this signficance more from the half-breed Mexican or Indian complexion than through the color cult, which has not yet reached the plains. But it seems that yellow is inherently good and is only suffering from misrepresentation.

Black is the color of sorrow, and white is that of brides and babes and also of the dead. White has significant meanings in its shadings of pearl and cream. Brown follows gray for demureness of expression.

But all this is only the primer of color meanings. Experts can read a sunset much as your true music lover can expound an opera by Wagner. The color cult is as interesting as the study of palmistry, for every shading, like each delicate tracing on the palm, is a different indication.

While this new fad is only now becoming popular on this side of the water, it has long been a study with artists, especially with those who design costumes for great stars and large theatrical productions. Not only are color harmonies and blendings studied, but the peculiar occult significance that attaches to each.

Mme. Duse and Mme. Bernhardt have made an art of this color idea, and the gowns of the great Italian, while freely criticized for their peculiarities, never failed to strike a note of intelligent understanding in the appreciation of her auditors that helped to make her renditions the artistic triumphs they were admitted to be.

Many of Duse's gowns worn in her impersonation of the wicked heroines of the stage were a glittering mass of dull colored spangles that clung to her body sinuously, trailing off at the back upon the ground in such a manner as to suggest a serpent. This idea has been used since by less conspicuous artists.

Jewels, of course, in their wonderful changing lights, play an important part in the color fad. Mme. Berndardt will wear no diamonds except in certain rôles, as she says that they do not help her to convey her conception of the character she is portraying.

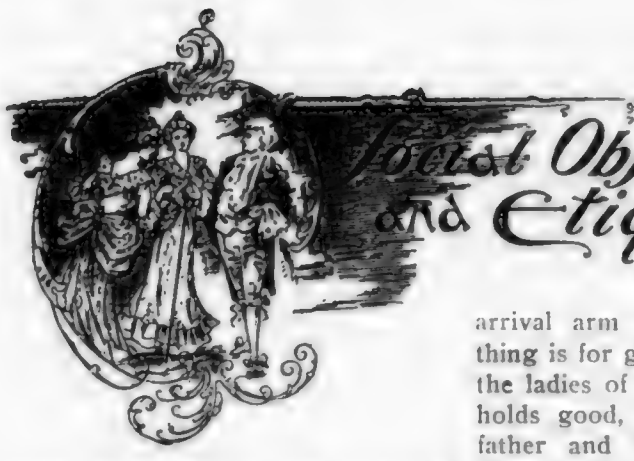
The recent craze for turquoises that has beset so many society women and actresses is directly traceable to the new fad. The turquoise was formerly regarded as one of the merely pretty stones, until it was discovered that its steady, still azure tinting signified everything that was most beautiful in life.

SERVICEABLE SCHOOL DRESSES.

(Described on page 13.)

ATTRACTIVE STYLES FOR MISSES.

(Described on page 13.)



Social Observances and Etiquette.

THE ETIQUETTE OF LITTLE THINGS.

THERE are many people who, from various and varying reasons, are often "not quite sure" what is the correct thing to do and to say under certain and unaccustomed circumstances. It may be that a lady has, from inclination, perhaps, or on account of ill-health or mourning, been living a quiet and secluded life for some time, and has, in consequence, got out of the way of entertaining and being entertained. For this reason she may have, or fears she has, forgotten various little matters, trivial enough in themselves, no doubt, but the observance or non-observance of which are nevertheless important, and therefore it is only natural that she should be desirous of having her fears removed and her doubts settled, for fashions change, not only quickly, but so completely, that what was at one time quite the correct and proper thing to do would in the course of a few revolving years very probably be considered old-fashioned and obsolete, or, to quote a favorite expression of to-day, "not up-to-date." Although there is not the slightest disgrace in being, or in being considered old-fashioned, many persons, especially those of the fair sex, dislike exceedingly to be thought so, and nothing makes them feel more uncomfortable and awkward than to know, or even to fancy, that they have omitted to conform to some little society custom, or have committed some little society solecism. For it is the doing or not doing of small things, the smallest very often, that shows the initiated whether a person has been accustomed or not to move in good society. Take, for instance, the matter of visiting cards. The correct kind to use now are those without glaze, and the name should be printed in small, clear copperplate type; yet at one time glazed cards, with the name printed in ornamental or Old English letters, were the fashion. Once, too, married folks had their names printed together on the same card, as Mr. and Mrs. Smith; now a husband and wife have each his or her own separate visiting-cards, and, by the way, a lady's visiting-card is now much smaller than it used to be. It would now be thought not only dreadfully old-fashioned, but even absurd, for a married couple to enter the reception room on their first arrival arm in arm. The correct thing is for gentlemen to enter after the ladies of their party. This rule holds good, too, in the case of a father and daughter. The latter leads the way up the staircase and into the drawing room, even if she be a girl, and the former old and gray-headed. Precedence is always given to ladies. This is a right and privilege that has always been accorded to them in society by virtue of their sex, and it is one that even those who talk most about, and are most anxious for the equality of the sexes, are not only desirous, but determined to retain. Great indeed would be the wrath and indignation of even the most strong-minded and unconventional of women if a man were not to step politely aside and allow her to ascend a staircase, or to enter a house or drawing room before him. In social matters women, it must be confessed, now have rights and privileges which, if they are not careful, may in the leveling process of equalizing the sexes be lost to them. Not only does a lady enter and leave a room before a gentleman, but in leaving, the door is opened for her by any gentleman who may be present. Thus, when a lady visitor rises to take leave after paying an afternoon call, a gentleman visitor, if present, would rise, from his chair, remain standing while his hostess stood, and when the visitor had bidden her hostess good-by, would cross the room and open the door for her to pass through. This he would do as a matter of course, even if they had not been introduced to one another, and, equally as a matter of course, the lady would acknowledge the act of courtesy with a bow. At the conclusion of a dinner party, when the lady guests rise from their chairs, the gentlemen rise also. The door is opened for the ladies by either the host or the gentleman nearest the door, and until the ladies have all left the room the gentlemen all remain standing. It would be considered not only a breach of good manners, but an act of absolute rudeness, if the door was not opened for them, or if any gentleman were to sit down while the ladies were still in the room.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

Perplexed.—The host sits at the bottom of the table both at luncheon and at dinner. It is his place at all meals, just as the hostess always sits at the head of the table. When you have a lady and gentleman to luncheon, the lady guest would leave the drawing room and enter the dining room first and alone, as people do not go into luncheon arm-and-arm as they do at dinner. If the host is in the drawing room, he would open the door for her, and accompany her to the dining room, but without offering her his arm, and at the dining room she would enter first. You would then follow, and the gentleman guest would follow you, as at luncheon the ladies, including the hostess, go before the gentlemen. In the dining room, the lady guest would sit at the side of the table which is on the host's right hand, and the gentleman upon the other side of the table. All the sweets are placed upon the table, such as jelly, cream, pastry, etc., as well as dishes of fruit, cake, etc., and when required are taken off by the servant, handed round to the guests, and replaced upon the table. The fruit is handed round after the sweets have been partaken of. The menu you mention is a very good one, and ample for the number of guests you expect—enough, indeed, for a larger party. The coffee is brought into the dining room at the conclusion of luncheon. It is poured out, and the cups placed upon a silver salver or tray, and handed round to the guests, beginning with the principal lady guest. The liqueur is not served with the coffee—that is, not upon the same tray or salver—but after the coffee has been handed. Liqueur poured into glasses and placed upon a silver salver is handed round in just the same manner as was the coffee. Sugar, hot milk, and cream should also be placed upon the tray with coffee, for those to take who may like to do so.

Newcomer.—It would be quite impossible for your daughter to join any of the private classes without an invitation, but there are one or two dancing academies in New York where she could take lessons and at the same time be thrown into association with people you might wish her to know. You would, however, have to be known to the people who keep these academies, even to be enrolled as a pupil, but doubtless you have letters of introduction or some acquaintance who would introduce you.

* * *

LEARNING THE PRINCIPLES OF LIFE.

When the simple principles of astronomy were discovered when it became known that the sun, and not the earth, was the center of our planetary system, it was easy enough to establish our great modern science of astronomy. When a girl once learns the few great, simple principles of life—sympathy, generosity—it is easy enough to live a broad, helpful, powerful life, no matter where that life is cast.

* * *

HIS SAGE WAY.

Askington—How is it that Jack Swift is so popular with the ladies?

Teller—Oh! he has a way of insinuating to every girl that when he is with her he is always afraid he will say more than he intends to.

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

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AN ATTRACTIVE FLANNEL SHIRT WAIST.

FLANNEL shirt waists are among the necessary attributes of a woman's wardrobe, and considering the fact that shirt waists in general have taken such strides forward it will be readily understood that they require just as much nicety of treatment as any elaborate dress waist, in fact, more so, because, in many instances, a dress waist may be draped in such a manner that any little defect can be concealed, whereas a shirt waist, like a tailormade, requires trimness and exactness of finish.

Our illustration No. 556 this month shows one of the newest and latest styles in flannel shirt waists for the ensuing season, i. e., the Norfolk effect.

The waist may be lined or not, as fancied, although it will wear longer if lined.

The pattern is placed on the material, as shown in Dia. I; the center of back is laid on the fold of the goods, also the front, which is, of course, cut apart. The collar and also the back yoke are placed on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Arrange the plaits in front and back carefully, according to the perforations, and finish the edge of the plaits with a row of stitching. After the yoke is cut out ornament it with stitching and sew the back and front to it with a neat seam, following exactly the shape of the yoke.

Cut out the collar, turning it over along the line of perforations and face it from there to the edge with velvet, bordering the edge with a stitched strap of flannel. The yoke turns back in revers, which are also faced with velvet and bordered with stitched straps. The front edges are cut with rounded points, each made with a large eyelet, through which ribbon is drawn. The edges of the flannel fronts are ornamented with stitching and buttons. The vest is of tucked taffeta, or it can also be developed of the flannel.

After the sleeves are cut out, and the upper cuffs completed with the flaring cuffs, they are gathered into the upper cuffs, the fulness distributd more toward the outside of the arm.

Join the parts of the waist by the under-arm seams, baste the shoulders and try on. If any slight alteration is necessary it may be made before stitching the seams. After they are stitched press them open and either bind or overcast them. The same applies to the shoulder seams.

If a lining is employed the seams of the lining are joined and boned and the hooks and eyes applied to the front, the overlapping vest concealing these. If desired, the hooks and eyes may alternate, although this is not absolutely necessary.

When the waist is ready to be finished it is folded with the lining on the outside and the seams pinned together evenly, also the neck and arms-eyes. With chalk or pencil mark along the lower edge the shape you wish the bodice to be. Cut or trim this off evenly, allowing one-quarter of an inch for turning over. Cut off all the corners of the seams at the bottom to do away with the extra thickness, which would only make a clumsy seam. Then baste a bias strip of flannel, about three-quarters of an inch wide, loosely at the bottom of the waist, about one-quarter of an inch from the edge. Turn this over by basting it from the right side and then turn in the edge of the facing, fastening the latter to the lining and the seams with fell or slip stitches. Edges of sleeves are finished in the same manner, with the exception that the facing may be wider. The joining of the facing must be on the inside seam of the sleeve, and can be either seamed or one end lapped and felled over the other, but either finish must be perfectly smooth.

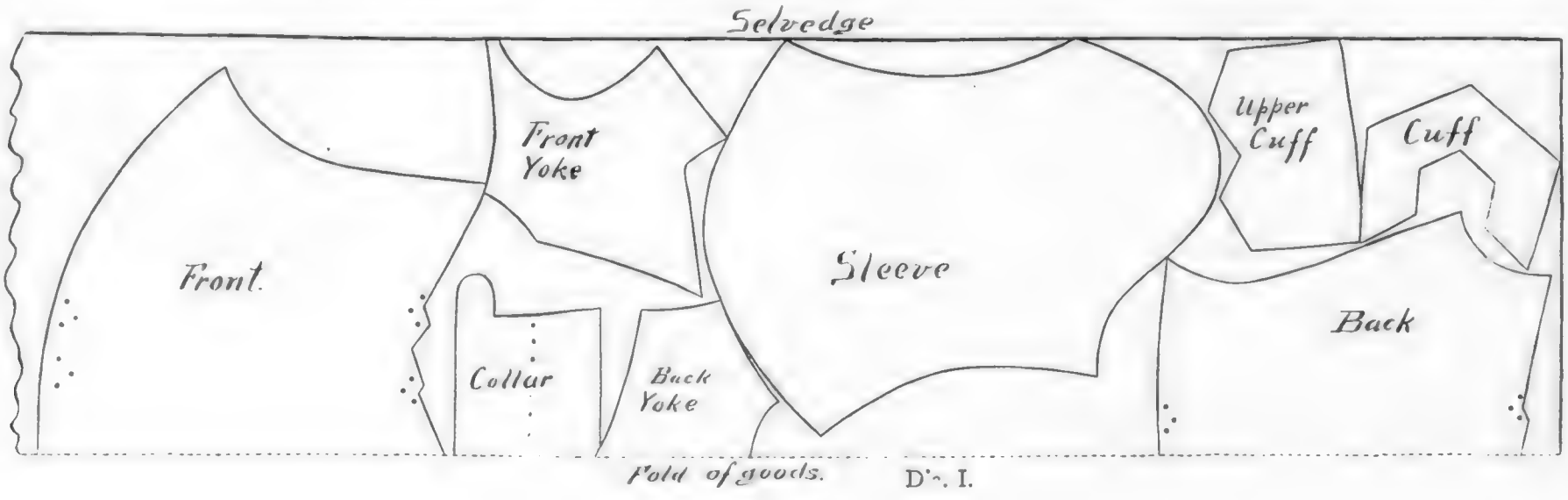
Never tear goods, especially wool materials. By doing so it will cause the edge to draw tighter than the inside, and in no way can the trouble be remedied.

* * *

PIPINGS.

A piping is a border formed of any material on a garment by means of the introduction in it of a piece of bobbin or cable cord. It is made in this manner: Place a piece of bobbin or cotton cord along a strip of material—cut on the bias—on the wrong side, leaving a depth of two-thirds of the width of the strip which is to lie uppermost, when placed on the article to be bound. Tack in the cord lightly, and then lay it on the raw edge of the garment or article to be thus finished, the cord toward the inside. Stitch or back stitch all together, keeping close to the cord. Then turn all the raw edges inward, turning the outside one over the others so as to form a hem. Or the cording may be fastened and then faced. Where piping is to form the edge of the fold, the piping or cording is first adjusted to the fold, then fastened to the garment by sewing between the piping and the fold in such manner that the stitches are not visible.

Folds which are to be sewed around the bottom of the skirt, or in fact in any round form, must be stretched at the lower edge to make the upper edge fit smoothly. Folds of crêpe are underlined with silk.



Dia. I.

USEFUL HINTS FOR THE HOUSE.

TO clean lace cover a large bottle with a linen case made to fit tightly; calico will not be found to answer. Roll the lace around it, taking care that the edge is kept smooth and that the head of the succeeding round covers it; tack the lace, if there are several lengths, in the slightest possible manner and without any knots. When the lace is rolled around the bottle cover it tightly with linen. Then rub it well with white soap or, if very dirty, make a strong lather and let the lace-covered bottle remain in this for a night, then rinse it well by pouring water over it. If possible, expose this bottle to the air, watering it frequently, and also to the night air, and let it dry thoroughly before opening it. Do not on any account use hot water, as it destroys the look of newness. To iron the lace, unwind it carefully from the bottle and spread it out, then place it on an ironing blanket covered with a piece of linen, lay the lace upon it, and place over it a piece of clean white muslin; pass the iron gently over the muslin, but do not let the iron come in contact with the lace. Lace may be colored by adding a little coffee to the water in which it is washed, or a little strong tea may be used instead of coffee. Blonde lace may be revived by breathing on it and shaking or flapping it.

Salt sprinkled on any substance that is burning on the stove will stop the smoke and smell.

Brighten leather chair-seats by rubbing them with well-beaten egg.

Egg stains on silver may be taken off with table salt and a damp cloth.

Sweeping a carpet with a broom wet in warm salt water will make it much brighter. Always sweep the right way of the nap of the carpet.

Milk, new and boiling hot, will usually take out fruit stains. Dip the articles several times in it. This will also take out coffee and tea stains.

Rub white spots on tables or other furniture with camphor, and they will disappear.

When packing dresses put paper between the folds to prevent creasing.

Hot alum water is one of the best insect destroyers. Apply with a brush to cracks, bedsteads, or wherever insects are found.

Never hang a mirror where the sun's rays will strike upon it. It acts on the mercury and clouds the glass.

Yellow soap and whiting mixed to a thick paste with a little water will stop a leak as effectually as will solder.

To keep silver in perfect condition it should be well washed and rubbed, clean hot water must be provided, and plenty of soap used. A small mop will be found better than a cloth to wash it with, as the water must be almost too hot to bear the hands in. It should be dried at once with a perfectly dry towel, and rubbed with a clean wash leather before putting back into the silver basket.

Any stains should be removed from silver as soon as detected, or they may be hard to remove if left. The silver must be well soaked in strong soap and water for an hour or two, then rubbed over with whiting made into a paste with vinegar and left to dry. When dry, they must be polished with a leather after first washing in hot water. Where ink has been dropped on silver, it can be removed by at once using a little chloride of lime, which must be washed off as soon as the stain is removed.

Patent leather shoes should not be polished with blacking. These are the hardest kind of shoes to keep looking well and require constant care. They may be cleaned with a damp sponge and immediately dried with a soft cloth, with occasionally a little vaseline or sweet oil. They must not be donned in cold weather without heating, or they will crack as soon as exposed to the cold air.

Instead of throwing away the wick of a lamp that has got too short, fasten it to the new wick, which then can be made to do longer service. After lamps are filled and wicks trimmed turn them down, thus preventing the oil from coming over the outside and causing the unpleasant odor of oil in the room.

In placing the refrigerator see that it is put where it can be well lighted and drained, never allowing the drain pipe to connect with the sewer. A refrigerator in bad condition is a menace to health. Once a week at least take everything movable from the interior, wash in hot soapsuds, rinse with soda water, wipe dry and put outdoors in the sun for an hour to dry. Wash the refrigerator thoroughly in the same way, using a flexible wire for the drain pipe and skewers for the corners and grooves.

Lighted lamps should not be carried about; a slip or accident causing a lamp to fall is not only a source of danger to the person who carries it, but is likely to endanger the house, as it is most difficult to put out a fire so caused. If one has presence of mind to get a shovel or two of garden mould and throw over it, it is the easiest way of putting out the lighted oil. It is a good plan to keep a box of earth in some convenient place in the house, so as to get at it readily in case of an accident.

There is a difference in the practice of the most skilful cooks as to the number of times a steak should be turned while cooking. Some say but once, others every two minutes, making three or four times in all. Let the plate or platter be heated upon which the steak is to be served and carry the dish immediately from the fire to the table. There is no dish in the world that so rigidly requires to be eaten hot as steak. Some wag says: "A cold cup of coffee, cold batter cakes, the cold shoulder, a cool reception, all are tolerable—we can use philosophy and forget them, but a cold steak is abominable; it is barbarous."

Stick three or four cloves of garlic in a leg of mutton that is to be roasted, or slice half an onion in the basting juice, and note the improvement in the flavor of the dish.

If the crust lining the edge of dish of fruit pies be glazed with the white of an egg, it will prevent it being soft and pulpy.

Hartshorn usually restores colors that have been taken out by acids of any kind.

A little turpentine mixed with the starch will give a finer gloss to shirt fronts, collars and cuffs.

When a baby is old enough to sit up in the bath let him have a rubber doll, animal, etc., with which to amuse himself, then he won't distract you by wanting to suck the sponge, cake of soap, etc.

If you find your eyes growing tired and dim, bathe them freely with pure spring water, or with rose water. Wine baths are good for strengthening the eyes; bathe them well.

For discolored or stained finger nails a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cup of warm soft water is invaluable: this is one of the very best manicure acids. It will loosen the cuticle from the finger nails as well as remove discolorations.

Lemon juice in water is an excellent tooth wash. This is about the only thing that will remove tartar. It will also sweeten the breath.

Persons of weak digestion will find a few drops of essence of Jamaica ginger useful if taken in water before breakfast without sugar.

Ginger tea, made from the root, is of service, like catnip tea or sage tea, to produce perspiration in colds, or to stimulate the system after exposure. It is more palatable than the decoctions of sage and catnip.

Nearly all the good effects of alcoholic stimulants can be secured from ginger. But the so-called ginger habit has to be guarded against. So has the cayenne pepper habit.

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Some Bright Sayings of Our Little Ones.

"HERE, Alfred, is an apple. Divide it politely with your little sister." "How shall I divide it politely, mamma?" "Give the larger part to the other person, my child." Alfred handed the apple to his sister, saying: "Here, sis, you divide yourself."

* * *

A friend of mine has a little boy—a wee chap who sometimes says things they think very odd. One day as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said: "Oh, mamma, I am full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon and I swallowed it."

On another occasion his mother was away in the country, and the little boy was put to bed by his father. After saying his prayers, and on receiving his good-night kiss, he was asked: "What shall I tell mamma when I write to her to-night?" "Tell her I kiss her in my heart."

* * *

A gentleman asked Mary, an only child, how many sisters she had and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had made her tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma!" cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child!"

* * *

A four-year-old boy who lives in the country was noticed standing alone by the closed nursery door, while from within came sounds of childish laughter. "Well, my little man," he was asked, "what are you doing there all alone?" "I am playing." "What are you playing?" "I am playing house," was the reply. "Playing house?" Why, you can't play all by yourself. Why don't you go in and play with the other children?" "I mustn't do that yet," said the little fellow, seriously; "I am to be the new baby and I am waiting to be born!"

* * *

A little girl once said to her mother, in one of those bursts of confidence that children sometimes have: "Mamma, I am nearer to you than I am to papa!" Her mother asked: "Why, what do you mean, my pet?" "Well," she replied, "I am your own little girl, but I am only related to papa by marriage."

* * *

The children of a friend of mine, a minister, were chased across the field by a ferocious cow. "We were saved, mamma," said the little girl, "we were saved in answer to prayer. I told Tommy he must pray while we ran, but he said he didn't remember any prayer, only what papa says at breakfast, and I told him to say that so he hollered: 'For what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful,' and then we crawled under the fence and were saved."

* * *

"Jim, does your mother whip you?" "No," said Jim in disgust, "but she washes me all over every morning."

* * *

A friend of mind asked a pretty child of six, "Which do you like best, your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought for some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of her questioner, "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my dolly about it."

* * *

As two little girls were trotting along together one of them fell and broke a pitcher she was carrying. She commenced crying, when the other girl asked why she took on so. "'Cause," she said, "when I get home mamma will punish me for breaking the pitcher!" "What!" said the other, "ain't you got a grandmother at your house?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have," said the first little girl, proudly, "and I might break three pitchers and they wouldnt punish me!"

* * *

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"'Now I lay'—repeat it, darling!"—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
Oe'r her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep."—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord,"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly—
Fainter still, "My soul to keep";
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

* * *

BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true;
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through Summer's heat or Winter's snow.

Beautiful children of rich or poor,
Who walk the pathway, sweet and pure,
That leads to the mansion strong and sure.

THE APPLE OF PARIS

THE TOOTHBRUSH.

BACTERIA - LADEN toothbrushes are a menace to health. This article of toilet, filled with food particles, never sterilized, is left in any place, neglected, when it should receive most rigid care.

Did you ever examine a toothbrush that has been in active use for three months? The bristles have changed color. It has become a nest for three hundred thousand bacteria, more or less, revelling in luxury at the base of the bristles.

Bacteria are present and carried to the mouth and thence to the stomach, where they are usually destroyed. Streptococcus and staphylococcus, the pus formers or blood poisoners, are ever present, ready to attack any abraded surface.

The brush should be sterilized for some minutes after using. Probably a solution of formalin is the very best sterilizing agent for this purpose. Any druggist will put it up for you at small expense. Do not use it stronger than one-half of 1 per cent., though if stronger than this no harm will be done. Other than this might be mentioned as sterilizing agents listerine, alcohol. Even a solution of salt and water will do, but it is not so desirable.

Keep any of these solutions in a small covered glass to prevent evaporation. Remove the brush after some minutes, dry the bristles by means of a napkin or towel and place the brush in a dry, clean place to dry out.

Prepared chalk rubbed on the teeth at the gum margin just before retiring will assist in preventing acid decay and overcoming sensitive conditions at the margin of the gum. Clean surfaces do not decay—it occurs at a point not reached by the toothbrush.

Tooth structure in young people can be hardened against decay by taking small doses of calcic phosphate three times daily, before meals, for two or three months.

Care should be used not to injure the gum margin by too vigorous brushing. A stiff brush often wounds the gum and is one cause for recession. The color of the teeth can be made to appear a shade or two lighter by removing stains, polishing the enamel surfaces and slightly tinting the gums, the contrast in color between the pink gums and the enamel of the tooth producing the effect so desirable. This greatly adds to the beauty and cleanly, attractive appearance of mouth when talking or laughing.

Tooth pastes are objectionable on account of the honey they contain.

Never use powdered charcoal; the fine particles work into the surfaces of the gum, giving a bluish, dingy appearance and destroying one of the beautiful features of the face.

Do not use any form of ash. It contains lye or potash too concentrated for the teeth. For the same reason do not use soap. Its prolonged use will result in dingy colored enamel. The base of nearly all tooth powders is precipitated chalk. This is safe.

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS.

Lavender Bags.—Take six ounces of the flowers free from stalk. Rose petals in like proportion, half ounce of thyme and a little powdered cloves, and a dessertspoonful of dried salt. Mix all together and fill muslin bags with it. These will perfume clothes if placed in drawers, and help to keep moths away. Lavender flowers placed in a bottle, and warm vinegar poured over them will make an agreeable perfume. Let this stand a few days and then strain.

To Keep the Face Cool When Cycling.—Rub over lightly with camphor ice, taking care not to let any touch the eyes. This is delightfully cool and can be carried in the pocket. Bathing the wrists in water will cool the body. A little Fuller's earth dusted inside the stockings before riding will help to keep the feet cool.

Hints to Wheelwomen.—Lady cyclists should always be provided with a needle and thread in case the dress comes to grief. A stitch in time saves nine, and sometimes a nasty fall. Matches are another thing that should not be forgotten, also an addressed luggage label, and sufficient cash in case rain comes on or one wishes to return by rail. If going for a long ride a small waterproof cape should always be carried.

It is a curious thing that, while studying the care of the complexion and skin, people take food into very little consideration. I am sure all the skin specialists will bear me out when I say that they can do a patient but a small amount of good if she still continues to lead an unhealthy and irregular life. And most of the ills of the complexion are due to the nerves of the stomach. How can we expect to keep these in good condition without attending to the ordinary rules of health and hygiene?

I certainly do not think that girls and women in general eat the number of sweets they used to in the days of yore, but it is not sweets alone which hurt. It is rather the continuous rich dishes, too good savories and general unwholesome messes in which we all indulge. The fault of cooking is that plain food is never well cooked. Consequently we have resource to rich dishes and highly flavored sauces, which are all very well for a short time, but are not good for any lengthy period.

It really surprises me to see the large luncheons some women eat nowadays—two or three courses of meats, finishing up with highly spiced savories, rich liqueurs and coffee. Now black coffee and liqueurs may do wonders in keeping off the pangs of indigestion for a time; but in the end, they accelerate it, and we suffer accordingly, and in a no less baneful way to womankind than in a red nose and general coarseness of the complexion.

It is largely whispered in society nowadays that women drink too much stimulant. The cause of this is the busy life they lead, and the way in which they overtax their strength. Certainly our grandmothers would have looked aghast at seeing the way in which their young granddaughters drink brandies and sodas; and, in many cases, they take it quite as strong as does the ordinary man. Perhaps the women require it more, who knows? But to her the result is baneful. She loses her complexion, and with it all appearance of youth. But even more pernicious than whiskies or brandies and sodas are those insidious sweet liqueurs, which are certainly extremely nice.

* * *

FEAR AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

An eminent medical authority makes the statement that a great deal of contagion is due, largely, to nervous apprehension and fear. Terror causes radical changes in the secretions of the nerve cells, and, while the feeling is not the direct cause of disease, it certainly is sufficient to put the person in the proper condition to be attacked by the prevailing malady. Fear destroys the resistive capability, and, as it were, lets down the drawbridge, and makes way for the enemy. In seasons of epidemic, therefore, it is necessary to cultivate tranquillity and cheerfulness, to learn not to fear, and to surround one's self with an atmosphere of personal, mental and physical defiance of dangers. If, in addition to this, due precautions as to dress, diet and rest are taken, the chances of infection are rendered very remote.

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A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

THE Chicago express left at 10 o'clock in the morning. For a week I had been amusing myself in New York, the metropolis, the Empire City, seeing the sights, going to bed very late at night and getting up rather late in the morning. That was the case to-day, too, and consequently I had to hurry my dressing if I wanted to reach the dépôt in time to catch my train.

Luck was with me, for I got there just at the last moment, and I had no sooner mounted the steps than the train moved out.

I arranged my belongings and sank down into my comfortable chair in the Pullman car when, suddenly looking up, I beheld the most glorious pair of large dark eyes fastened on me with a gaze of magic eloquence. A dark-blue cloth dress enveloped a form that seemed specially created to make fools of men.

Her dark hair was simply and becomingly dressed and was crowned with a jaunty toque. Her face, serene and glowing with health, had a sweet, smiling expression and altogether it did not take long to awaken as great an admiration as I had ever experienced during my forty odd years. I felt quite gay and ready to be as irresistible as I knew how.

"I hope this valise does not inconvenience you in any way," I said in my politest tones, by way of opening a conversation.

No answer.

"These Pullman chairs are so comfortable; don't you think so?"

Silence.

Well! This is the first time you ever met such an experience, I said to myself. A lady who ignores you! Impossible!

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again! So I tried again—now she smiles—now she is actually laughing! What is there left for me but to join her in laughing!

This interesting intermezzo is interrupted by a stern-faced woman, evidently an attendant, who addresses my fair enslaver in Russian. She must be connected with the Russian Embassy at Washington, I think.

Well, this is a pretty state of affairs! I could have made the most glowing avowal of my love, laid bare my innermost passionate feelings and she would not have understood one word. Even if I could flatter myself on my ability to speak several languages I had to admit that Russian was entirely beyond me.

What was to be done? *Voila tout:* Let us speak with our eyes and illustrate our conversation in pantomime. It worked, it worked very well indeed, and before Chicago was reached I was head over ears seriously in love with the little Russian beauty. The best proof that I also was not indifferent to her consisted in her handing me a dainty visiting card, on which she had quickly written a few words, but unfortunately in Russian. And yet how greatly was I elated by even this tiny sign of favor!

The train ran into the dépôt and we all alighted. Quickly I hired a cab, after seeing my inamorata enter one, and instructed the driver to follow it. We registered at the same hotel and a two dollar bill slipped into the bell boy's hand gained me the number of her room. After that it was an easy matter to get a room adjoining hers.

Later in the dining room, in a secluded corner, I refreshed the inner man and no doubt my interesting adventure caused me to imbibe a little too freely for I very soon experienced a strong desire to go to my room. Walking along the corridor I perceived that the door of her apartment was open, and that she was half reclining on a comfortable lounge clad in a ravishing white silk négligée. I paused for a moment to gaze at this charming picture and suddenly saw the sweetest smile appear on her face, so alluring, so inviting, that I lost all control of myself, rushed into the room and exclaimed in every language at my disposal, "I love you!"

"That is nice," she said in English—very brokenly, "you love me—I love you—I love you verr much—you give me 5,000 dollars?"

With that she put her arms around my neck, and, hugging me most ardently, raised those glorious eyes to mine—the deuce take those eyes—they made me like wax in her hands.

I and 5,000 dollars! Oh, *quelle naïveté!*

"Well," she said, so tenderly and so coaxingly, in that musical voice, that I was almost frantic.

"But, my dear child," I answer, "I have not $5,000 to my name!"

"What," she cried, in perfect English, "and then you love me?" She stood before me, enraged, like an angel with a fiery sword, only in this instance the fiery sword was replaced by a glittering dagger.

This is a nice how d'you do, I thought, and slowly retreated toward the door. But, as if guessing my intentions, she quickly ran forward, turned the key and pulled it from the lock.

"I could scream for help and create a fine rumpus because you entered my room—but I prefer to kill you." With that she approached me again and there was nothing left for me to do but meet her on equal ground. I put my arm around her waist and with both hands grasped hers—a moment later the dagger dropped to the floor. Her face grew calm and gentle—I strained her to my heart, when suddenly she pressed her lips passionately to mine. Then she tore herself from my embrace, ran to her valise, took out a revolver and aiming, quickly pulled the trigger! I felt a sharp pain and everything grew dark before my eyes.

The perspiration was streaming down my face and my agitation was simply boundless. Someone was bending over me and at last I faintly recognized the head waiter, who soon explained the situation.

It seems that I dropped asleep after eating and fell from my chair. Everything had been a dream—a beautiful, but rather wild dream!

The next morning I discovered that my fair neighbor had departed with quite an early train and I had nothing to remind me of her except the visiting card with the few scribbled words. Those I had translated, and what do you think they meant?

"You old sinner!"

And there I had been flattering myself to the contrary all this time!

* * *

APHORISMS.

However ill you may speak or think of women, y. . will always find a woman able to do it better than you.

There are men who complain that roses have thorns. They should be grateful to know that thorns have roses.

The most religious woman will postpone an interview with her maker for an appointment with her dressmaker.

If you love a woman from the depths of your heart and soul, no words can be found adequate to convey an idea of it.

Painting, music and women are often admired or criticized by plucky people who are not afraid of exhibiting their ignorance.

There comes a time when a woman has to make up her mind to choose between being called a "dear old soul" or a "crabby old thing."

Woman is a temple in which are placed the ideals of life. It is her sphere and province to see that these ideals before which men bow down in their better moments are not shattered.

Woman is made to love and to be loved. She may live on love and die of it. For a man, love is the occupation of a few moments; for a woman, love is the occupation of a lifetime.

Love feeds on illusions, lives on trifles. If a man loves his wife, a rose on her head, her hair parted the other way, a newly trimmed bonnet, may revive in him the interest he felt the first time he met her, nay, the emotion he felt the first time he held her in his arms. The very best dishes may become insipid if served with the eternally same sauce.

The House Wife

SOME WAYS OF PREPARING CHICKEN.

CHICKEN JELLY.—Put a four-pound chicken on to boil in two quarts of water; skim and simmer for an hour and a half. Take out the chicken and remove the bones and skin. Return the bones to the liquid and boil until there is only a quart of liquid left. Strain and set away to cool. Next morning remove the fat which will have formed in a solid cake on the top, and put in a clean saucepan, leaving out the sediment. Soak one-quarter of a package of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water for an hour and add to the chicken liquid, also an onion, a stalk of celery, twelve peppercorns, a small piece of mace, four cloves, the white of one egg, and salt and white pepper to taste. Let the whole boil up once, then simmer for twenty minutes. Strain through a napkin. Fill a three-pint mould to the depth of three-quarters of an inch with the liquid, and set it on the ice or in cold water to harden. Cut the chicken meat in thin strips, season with pepper and salt, and when the jelly in the mould is hard, lay in the chicken and cover with the liquid jelly, which should be cool, but not solid. Put the whole on the ice, and leave it there until ready to serve; then dip the mould in warm water for a minute and turn out on a flat dish. Garnish with celery tips, and serve mayonnaise with it if desired. This is a very pretty dish for an evening party.

CREAM-OF-CHICKEN SANDWICHES.—Cream-of-chicken sandwiches are delicious, and may be made from the remnants of the white meat of chicken. Take half a cupful of the chicken, chop it fine; then reduce to a paste by pounding it. Add a teaspoonful of granulated gelatine to two tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve over the fire. Whip half a pint of cream to a stiff froth. Add the liquid gelatine to the chicken, season with a teaspoonful of grated horseradish and a teaspoonful of salt. Stir until the mass begins to thicken; add the cold cream a little at a time, and stand away until very cold. Cut the bread for these sandwiches a little thicker than you usually do for sandwiches, and cover with the chicken mixture. If the sandwiches are for a reception or other formal entertainment, they are improved in appearance and made slightly more piquant by garnishing with stoned olives, cut into rings, with capers, or with tiny bits of the heart of celery. If a quantity is made, a few may be garnished in each way. These sandwiches consist of a single piece of bread—that is, they are left open or uncovered.

French chicken sandwiches are also very good, and are made in a similar way. Take the white meat of one chicken, chop, then pound to a paste. Season with a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Cover a tablespoonful of gelatine with a teaspoonful of water; soak five minutes. Then add six tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Stand over the steaming tea-kettle; stir, and when the gelatine is dissolved stir into the chicken, beating until light and smooth. When nearly cold, cut into squares; then set away until cold and hard. Cut in very thin slices, lay on one slice of bread, cut of the size and shape that you wish your sandwiches to be, and cover with another slice of bread. Turkey or any kind of fowl or game can be prepared in this manner; also tongue or ham. With the latter no salt should be used, as the meat will supply all that is necessary.

APPETIZING SALADS.

In making chicken salad—the ever-popular—cut, not chop, the chicken into neat dice and put with it celery in the proportion of a cup of celery to every cup and a half of chicken. Moisten it with a plain French dressing just before it is needed, and pour a mayonnaise dressing over it after it is in the salad bowl.

Lobster, crab and shrimp for salad are cut into neat pieces, laid on lettuce leaves and served with mayonnaise.

Tomato salad is delicious served on lettuce with mayonnaise. The tomatoes should be peeled and laid on the ice until thoroughly chilled, then quartered or halved.

Egg salad is usually popular and is one of the simplest of salads. Boil eggs hard and throw them into cold water. Shell them, slice or quarter them, and arrange them on lettuce laid on a platter or shallow dish. Pass the mayonnaise with them.

A variation may be made upon this by cutting the hard-boiled eggs in half, transversely, making two neat cups of each egg and working into the yolks a little pepper, salt, dry mustard, melted butter and either a small portion of finely minced ham or tongue, or of grated cheese. This mixture may then be made into balls, returned to the halved whites and served on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Any sort of firm white fish will make a delicious salad if boiled, boned and skinned. Cut it into neat pieces about three inches square, and arrange these on lettuce leaves. Lay a sardine on each piece of fish and rub two or three sardines smooth and add them to the mayonnaise.

Cold beef, veal, tongue, or lamb, sliced thin and served with lettuce, makes a good salad.

For potato salad, the potatoes should be sliced, and an onion peeled, sliced and scalded should be mixed with them. Pour over them a French dressing.

One of the best and cheapest salads is that which is termed à macedoine, or a salad à l'Italienne.

For this, any and all vegetables may be used, and the left-overs are especially valuable. Cold string or lima beans, potatoes, onions, beets, tomatoes, carrots, peas, cauliflower, are all excellent for this purpose. All the vegetables are put into one salad bowl, each kind by itself. Lettuce may be used or not, and a French dressing is admissible, although a mayonnaise is rather to be preferred.

With a substantial salad like this, a little cold meat, good bread and butter, fruit and cake, and iced tea or lemonade, the luncheon or tea table will be amply supplied on a hot day. Even without the meat many persons would be satisfied, and it is quite unnecessary when fish or egg salad is served.

THE BAD EFFECTS OF TEA.

The *London Telegraph* recently pointed out in a very strong article the awful ravages on health caused by the drinking of Tea. Tea before breakfast, at breakfast, at eleven o'clock, after midday dinner, at tea-time, and often before retiring not being an uncommon occurrence.

Even with a more moderate Tea-drinking program, the hurtful Tannin in Tea is enough to put one's digestive organs at naught. Nor do we have to go abroad to find the harm that Tea is doing.

But happily, we now have the fortune to know of Tea-Ette, that delightful Tea without the Tannin.

Tea-Ette is solely and simply the very purest of Tea without the poisonous Tannin despite some people's idea that it is a "substitute." All the delightful properties of Tea as a healthful stimulant and a sustaining beverage are to be found in Tea-Ette in several popular flavors.

No matter how much of it is taken, good rather than harm can come of it, a thing to which many thousands can testify.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

CURES
Female Troubles, Stooping Posture, Inflammations, Internal Pains, Tired Feeling, Backache, Weak Lungs, Nervousness.

TRIAL FREE.

It will make you comfortable, buoyant, happy—give you ability to work and enjoy life. It is simple, wholly external, adjustable to any figure. Worn with or without corset.

We have over 15,000 letters like this:

Chandler, Okla., July 27, 1899.

Your Brace did all you said about it and more for me. It has saved me a big doctor's bill and brought me good health, which I had not had before in 25 years. My troubles were dropsy, headache, lung disease, stomach and other ills to which women are subject. MRS. L. B. DICKINSON.

Write today for particulars and illustrated book mailed free in plain sealed envelope. Address
The Natural Body Brace Co., Box 764 Salina, Kansas.
Every woman should have this Brace.

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Mailed on Receipt of Price, $2.00

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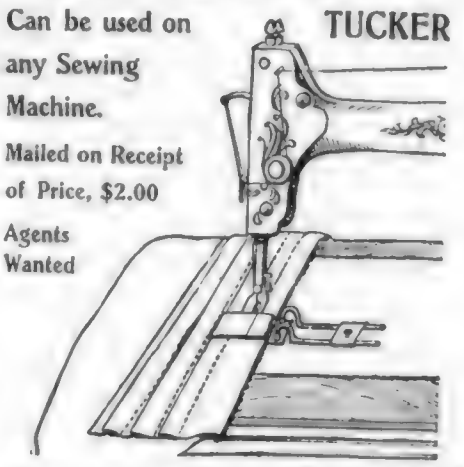

Tucks with equal ease, all goods, Wool, Silk Poplins, Chiffon, Crepe-de-chine, and others that you heretofore were obliged to baste.

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To Ladies living away from New York, and who care to have the advantage of purchasing where latest styles and special sales are offered, I wish to state that for the commission allowed me in the shops I fill promptly orders by mail for Persons' and Household articles of every description. Good taste and care guaranteed in the selection of every article. Samples sent. As Express Companies decline collecting amounts less than $5.00, all such orders must be paid for in advance. Remittance should be made by Money Order or Draf on NEW YORK. No cheques.
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We have easy work that will pay you well. Anyone can do it. Work sent any distance. No money required. You can earn $5 or $6 a week working an hour or two evenings. Send self-addressed envelope, particulars.
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Garments made to order.
Special attention given to making over, repairing and redyeing furs.
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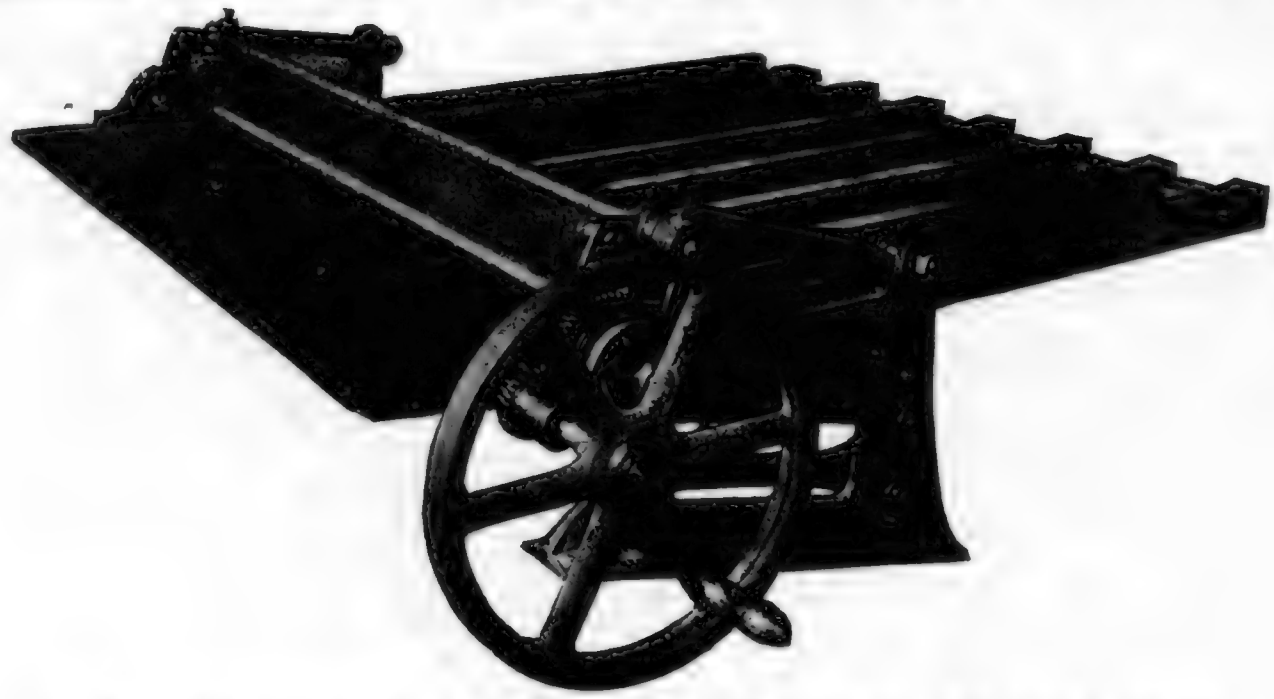
THE PIONEER

In Practical Use on All Kinds of Material for the Last Twenty Years

French Accordion Plaiting Machine

Patented April 30th, 1901.



Advantages Over All Other Machines

It is easily and readily adjusted from one-eighth inch plait to one and one-half inch.

It will plait a circular skirt one-eighth at top, graduated to one and one-half inch at bottom.

It will plait any material from chiffon to hair cloth, hemmed or seamed—in fact, any fabric without injury.

It will plait heavy paper for accordion plaiting forms.

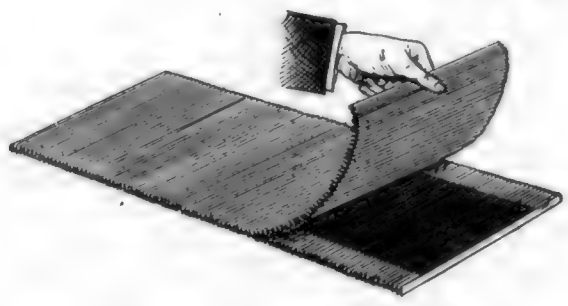
The goods are plaited into a reefing frame and then removed to the steaming box for setting.

Absolutely the only accordion plaiting machine making a one-eighth inch plait.

The principle upon which this machine operates enables it to do more perfect work and run faster than any other accordion plaiting machine, either by hand or power. Do not buy a machine until you have examined this one.

Investigate our new Accordion Plaiting Machine, just patented. Does away with hand work. A child can operate it. Fully described next issue.

The Pioneer Accordion Plaiting Paper



My papers are made from the very best prepared manilla paper, are substantial, and can be used a thousand times. They will not make the goods wavy, always remaining straight.

I offer these papers at a very low price, so you can do your own Accordion Plaiting.

Full directions for making Accordion Plaiting with every paper.

A sample of one and one-third yards of Accordion Paper sent by return mail on receipt of 50 cents, P. O. Order. All widths up to 48-inch made. Machines sold cheap. Inventor and first manufacturer of plaiting paper by machinery.

H. S. BROWN, Inventor, 92 White Street, New York

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to *Dress, Dressmaking, Millinery, the Toilet, Toilet Articles and Society Customs.*

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES.—The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

1st.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

2d.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, *not for publication*, as we use the nom de plume or name you wishus to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

3d.—Questions relating to dress should give personal description as to age, height, blonde, or brunette.

4th.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Mrs. J. Y. S., Conn.—A cooking teacher advises that in making a meringue, an old-fashioned spoon-shaped wire whip should be used instead of a Dover egg-beater. Put the meringue in a slow oven to harden.

Mrs. S. T., Wis.—You ought not to keep your tea and coffee in tin cans, as these are liable to retain the odor to an unpleasant extent. Ordinary glass fruit jars are to be preferred if you have not the china receptacles.

Housekeeper.—I do not wonder at your oilcloth cracking and breaking if you treat it to such generous applications of hot water, soap, and the scrubbing brush. The next time you get new oilcloth give it a thin coat of the best varnish diluted with turpentine and you will find the oilcloth lasting much longer.

Miss Jessie S.—A traveling gown is frequently used for the marriage ceremony. As the latter is going to be very quiet without many guests it should be simply fashioned in tailor effect with a plain skirt and jacket worn over a waist of white chiffon. Do not wear too elaborate a hat with a tailor-made of this kind. In regard to the style of the jacket and the length consult your personal taste. The Louis XV style is very smart and up-to-date, but it will hardly be becoming to you, as you are small and slight.

Mrs. Jas. B., St. Louis.—A little girl of two years would not look well in short frocks. Have them an inch or so above the ankles or to the tops of her short stockings.

Mrs. Winnie D., Va.—How would you like this suggestion for your dress? Make the waist with a pointed yoke of écru lace edged with lace insertion run through with black velvet ribbon. Make the skirt tight-fitting, but with a full, graduated flounce headed with insertion run through with ribbon like that on the waist. Use a black velvet belt finished with a bow. Make it a shaped belt with a point in the center and it will give you the long-waisted effect. Every one wears straight front corsets, they are no longer the exception but the rule.

Miss Carrie F., Jersey City.—A flannel dipped in boiling water, sprinkled with turpentine and laid on the chest as quickly as possible will relieve the most severe cold or hoarseness.

C. S. T., New York.—Wash your hair once a month using, instead of soap, this cleansing shampoo: Powdered borax, one teaspoonful; spirits of hartshorn, one tablespoonful; soft hot water, one quart. Rub this well into the scalp and hair, then rinse with clean water and rub dry with towels or fan it dry. Use the following tonic lotion every night, rubbing it well into the scalp: Tincture of nux vomica, one dram; distilled vinegar, two and a half ounces; tincture of capsicum, one dram; tincture of cantharides, six drams; spirit of rosemary, one ounce; orangeflower water, two ounces; rose water, six ounces. This will make quite a large quantity, but by reducing the proportions of the ingredients the quantity can, of course, be reduced.

Mrs. T. S. T.—The wording of your note depends entirely upon whether the person to whom you write is an intimate friend or not. If she is not, the usual thing to say is that you are sending her a little gift or remembrance, which you hope she will like and accept; then express your kindest good wishes for her future happiness. It is not necessary to write a long letter. Just a short note is all that is required. If you have already written your congratulations, you can, if you prefer, enclose your visiting card with your present to them, to show from whom it comes, and write upon your card, "With kindest (or sincerest) good wishes." The usual form of an acceptance to a wedding invitation is as follows: "Mrs. H. takes much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. S.'s kind invitation to be present at the marriage of their daughter," etc.

APHORISMS.

Affection is love with the lining worn out.

A woman who is constantly blushing must be terribly well informed.

Women should have two great aims in life—trying to be beautiful and succeeding in being pleasant.

A man who has to endure the wear and tear of business life all day, certainly is entitled to a peaceful home.

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Madam: Since our establishment in 1885, we cannot recall the time when the Art of Ladies' Tailoring required more skill, better modes and higher workmanship than it does at the present day. Good workmanship and up-to-date fabrics are the essentials in the success of the tailor.

We have held our present location, occupying an entire building, for the past twelve years, during which time we have been doing the best work in the city, and have gained the best city and out-of-town trade.

For the ensuing season, however, we have decided to extend the opportunity to the public in general for obtaining ladies' clothing and furs of the best workmanship, best materials and most perfect fit, by lowering our prices in the fur line especially. Our work is done by the best workmen obtainable, and is always under the supervision of Mr. Chas. M. Smirnow himself. The materials we use are of the finest quality and are most carefully chosen.

We are offering this inducement throughout the Fall and Winter season and advise you to avail yourself of it, as we feel certain that you will be well pleased with the results.

A call at our parlors will always greatly oblige, Yours, very respectfully, CHAS. M. SMIRNOW,

Ladies' Tailor and Furrier,
140-142 Orange street.

Telephone No. 1529-3.

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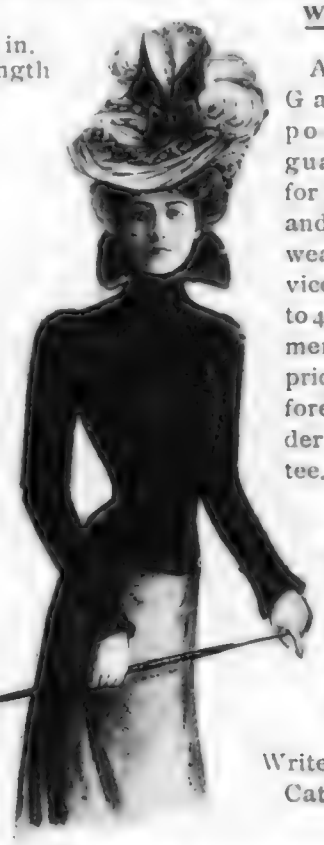
Being in your city every Wednesday, we would be pleased to call on you if notified by mail or telephone.

THIS COAT OF ELECTRIC SEAL $25

Worth $35.00

22 in. length



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Ladies' Tailor

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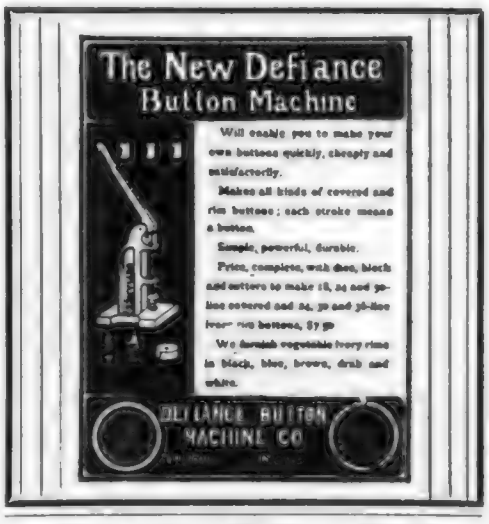
'PHONE 3525 GRAND

Oh! how novel and dressy
is the patented
Double Button Shirt Waist Fastener
Used by all the leading Shirt Waist Manufacturers.
Sold by Jewelers and Department Stores.
The very latest novelty of the new century
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
THE LAWTON SHERMAN CO.
62 Page St., Providence, R. I.
GENERAL AGENT
S. E. BALLARD, 110 W. 126th St., New York
Patented Aug. 22, 1899.


The New Defiance
Button Machine
Will enable you to make your own buttons quickly, cheaply and satisfactorily.
Makes all kinds of covered and rim buttons; each stroke means a button.
Simple, powerful, durable.
Price, complete, with dies, block and cutters to make 18, 24 and 30-line covered and 24, 30 and 36-line rim buttons, $7.50
We furnish vegetable ivory rims in black, blue, brown, drab and white.
DEFIANCE BUTTON MACHINE CO

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THE KLEINBERGER SKIRT CHART.

INTRODUCTION.

MANY systems of garment drafting and cutting have been invented and various systems are in use to cut well-hanging skirts, yet in the majority of cases it is left to the tailor to determine the width and the division of the skirt. The main reason why a skirt does not hang well is because it is either too wide or too narrow, and has not the proper sweep.

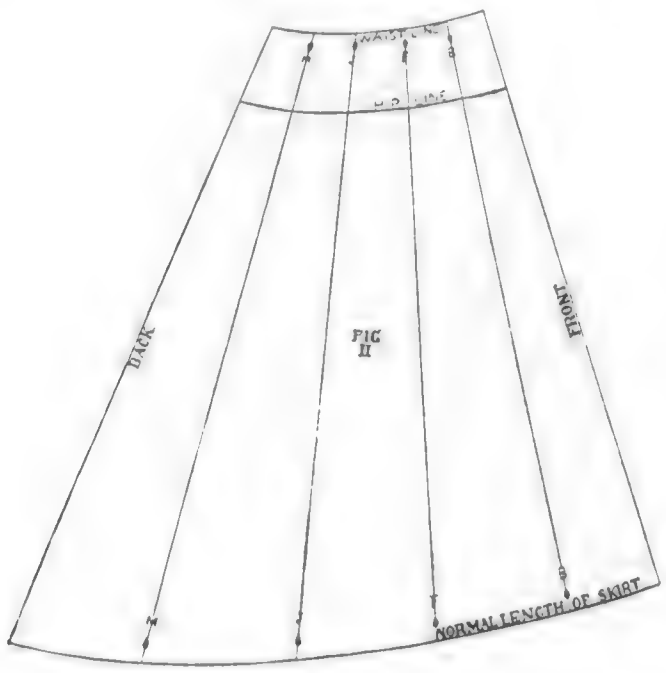


FIG. II

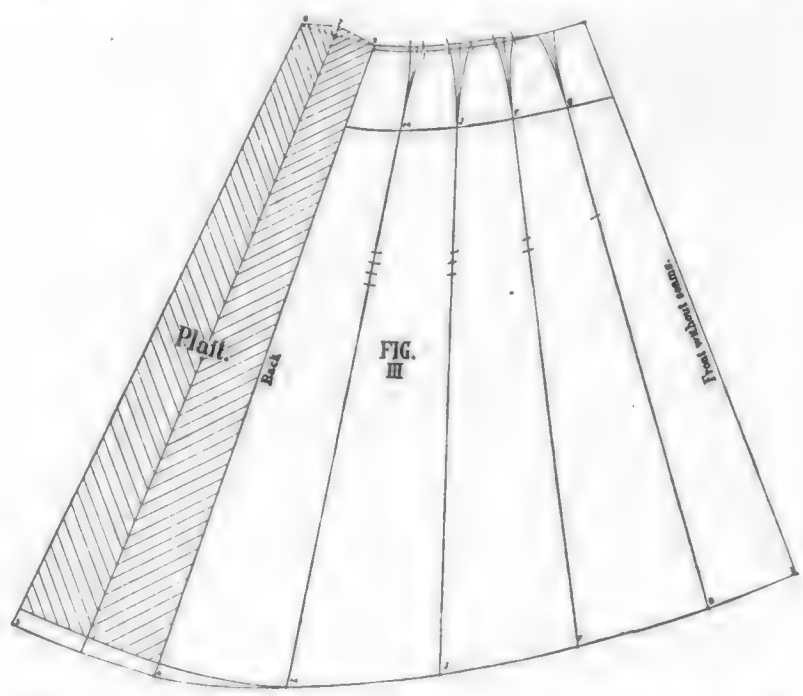


FIG. III

The latest and newest invention for the amelioration of this fault is the Kleinberger Patented Skirt Chart, which is not alone founded on one of the best systems, but has been most carefully prepared with a view to saving time and material. It also saves the tailor the trouble of measuring and figuring the different gores. It contains the lengths of four different kinds of skirts, as follows: Bicycle, Golf, Rainy-day and Normal. The bicycle and golf skirts are shown in two different lengths each. Further, the chart shows the divisions for five different kinds of gored skirts, namely: 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 gores. It also gives the exact hip and hem measurement and saves the tailor three-fourths of the time that is usually required to draft a skirt.

Fig. 1 illustrates the Kleinberger Pat. Skirt Chart with the lines A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, and N, which show the division of the different parts; crossing these is the hip line, and lines which indicate the lengths of the Bicycle, Golf and Rainy-day skirts. The outside lines of the chart are marked: Front, Back, Waist-line and normal length of skirt.

For a three-gored skirt use line D and make hip dart at line I.

For five-gored skirt use lines C and I.

For seven-gored skirt use lines C, G, L.

For nine-gored skirt use lines B, F, J, M.

For eleven-gored skirt use lines A, E, H, K, N.

In all cases finish the waist half an inch above the waist line as indicated in Fig. III, at the nine-gored skirt division.

* * *

HOW TO DRAFT A SKIRT, ETC.

Place the chart and mark the outside lines: Front, back, waist-line and normal length of skirt, mark lines B, F, J, and M on the waist-line and also on the normal line, mark hip line. Then lay aside the chart and join dots with lines which show the different gores as illustrated in Fig. II. Then the waist-line is measured to determine surplus width of waist. In this instance the surplus is 3½ inches. This is divided among the lines as follows: From B take 1 inch; from J, which is the hip curve, 1¼ inches; from F, ¾ inch; and from M, ½ inch. From ¼ inch below I curve the front gore, placing the tape measure on I, *i. e.*, pivoting from I and sweeping from the dots toward the top. Form the waist-line, as in Fig. III, ½ an inch higher, finish the gored parts to 1 inch above the hip line as indicated. Mark the gores with one, two, three and four dashes or dots which facilitate the joining of the gores after they have been cut apart.

To make a simple plait in back square from 2—6, 5 inches; from 4—5, 10 inches, join 5—6 with a line and divide 5—4 and 2—6 in half, which shows the center of the plait. Measure upward ½ inch on the center of line 2—6 and mark this 7, then join 7 with 6, also with the waist-line as shown in Fig. III. Mark the plait 1¼ inches shorter at 5 to line M, as indicated.

The skirt is now ready to be cut apart along the lines B, F, J, and M. At all edges, except the front which is cut without a seam, ⅜ inch must be allowed for seams.

A different skirt and the method of cutting it by the Kleinberger Patented Skirt Chart will appear in every issue.

Further explanation and particulars cheerfully given at our office and designing school.

Price List.

Set of 10.....$10.00 1 Single Chart..$1.50
" " 6..... 7.00

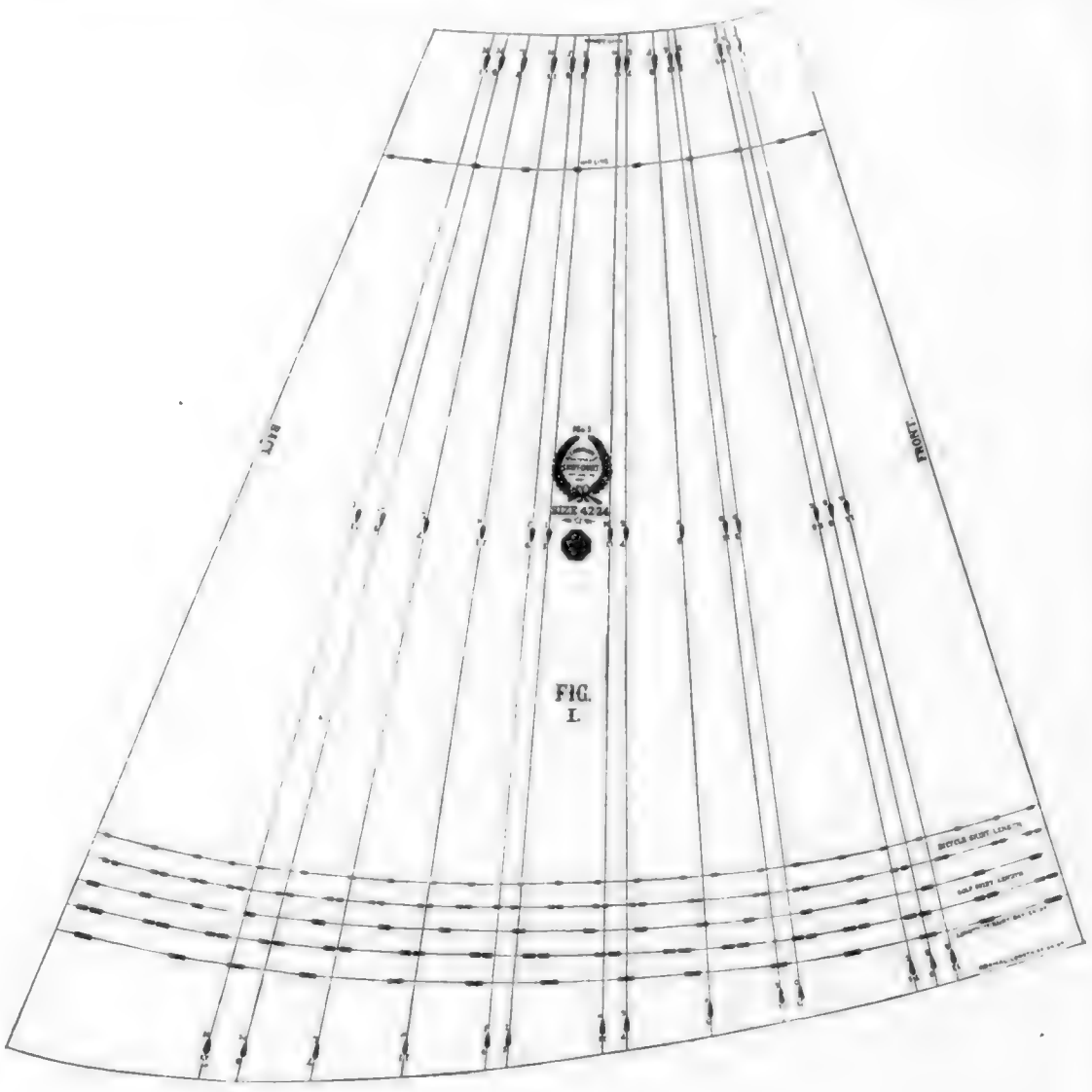
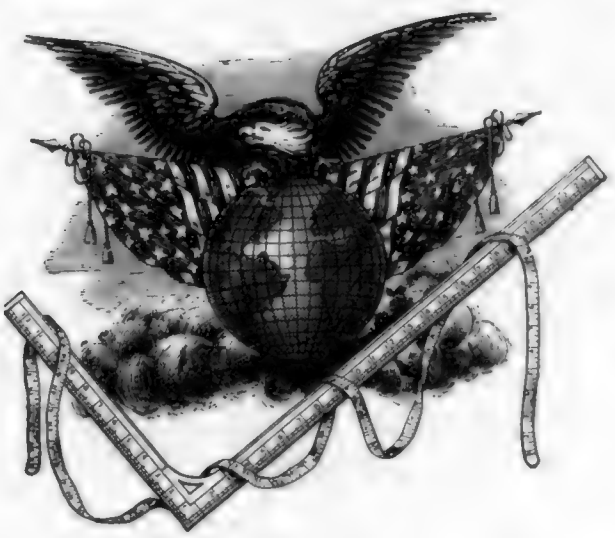


FIG. I

The American Fashion Co.'s

CUTTING AND DESIGNING SCHOOL



853 Broadway *NEW YORK*

Learn the American Fashion Co.'s

SYSTEM OF CUTTING

IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST

In our school the pupil learns the art of garment cutting by the simplest and most practical system. We not only teach you how to cut all kinds of CLOTH and FUR garments, but we give practical instructions in making and finishing these garments. Theory and practice will be combined, an advantage which no other cutting school does or can offer. And another advantage in our system of cutting is, that the ordinary plain rule and tape measure is used, thus avoiding any patented square, or rule, as employed in other schools, which when lost or broken, render the system practically valueless.

Our teachers are men who have conducted successfully for years ladies' tailoring and fur establishments. They have the knowledge which can only be gained by years of study and experience.

In our school garments will be made in muslin and cloth, and each pupil will be acquainted with the thousand and one important items which cannot be acquired by theory, but only by lessons of practical garment making.

The AMERICAN FASHION Co., Inc., has eclipsed in all its various departments and publications all other competitors, and is confident that this announcement will be welcomed by all those that have for years been looking in vain for an establishment whose teachings will enable them to embark in the field of garment making, imbued with a confidence that only years of experience can give. It is commendable that cutters, having learned other systems, take a course in our system, thus securing a proficiency which cannot be obtained in any other school.

Out of town pupils are given every opportunity to shorten the time ordinarily required for learning, as we give them as many lessons a day as they can take. You are not limited in time, however, and can attend our school until you feel perfectly confident that you are capable of holding any position. We also invite our pupils to call and get new points whenever they wish.

We will be pleased to furnish, on request, further information.

THE AMERICAN FASHION COMPANY, Inc.

THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE!

The success and the approbation accorded our Fur Scarf Premiums last season, together with the many letters of inquiry requesting similar Premiums this season, have induced us to repeat the Premium Offer of Scarfs, to which we have added muffs, in such fashionable furs as Mink and Sable. These will make a set of very handsome furs. Countless letters in our office testify to the high appreciation that our Premiums have met with on all sides, and we are confident that in offering these attractive furs we will meet popular approval and greater success.

A lady's cluster scarf, the finest Electric Seal, 50 inches long, including tails. Cluster of three sable tails at each end falling to the waist line. Can be turned up and worn as a storm collar.

GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE FOR SIX YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PICTORIAL REVIEW AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

This handsome scarf of European Sable will be given absolutely FREE for TEN Yearly Subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at One Dollar each.

The scarf is very full and fluffy and particularly rich in appearance, 50 inches long, including tails.

A Brook Mink cluster scarf, dark centre stripe, 48 inches long, including tails. Cluster of three tails at each end reaching to the waist line. Can be turned up and worn as a storm collar.

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HOW TO GET A MUFF.

Muffs matching the scarfs will be given FREE for the following number of subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at One Dollar each:

MUFF OF EUROPEAN SABLE,
10 subscriptions.

MUFF OF ELECTRIC SEAL,
10 subscriptions.

MUFF OF BROOK MINK,
6 subscriptions.

An attractive Victoria, Brook Mink, with dark centre stripe and cluster of two sable tails. It is the latest shaped flat boa and measures 66 inches in length, including tails.

Given absolutely FREE for TEN Yearly Subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at One Dollar each.

HOW TO GET THE PREMIUMS.

Subscribe yourself, then show the book to five or nine of your friends and get them to subscribe. Send us the names and addresses with the money, we will send PICTORIAL REVIEW to each address for one year, and we will send you the Scarf, Muff, or both.

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SEP 7 1901

LESSON ON PRACTICAL DRESSMAKING

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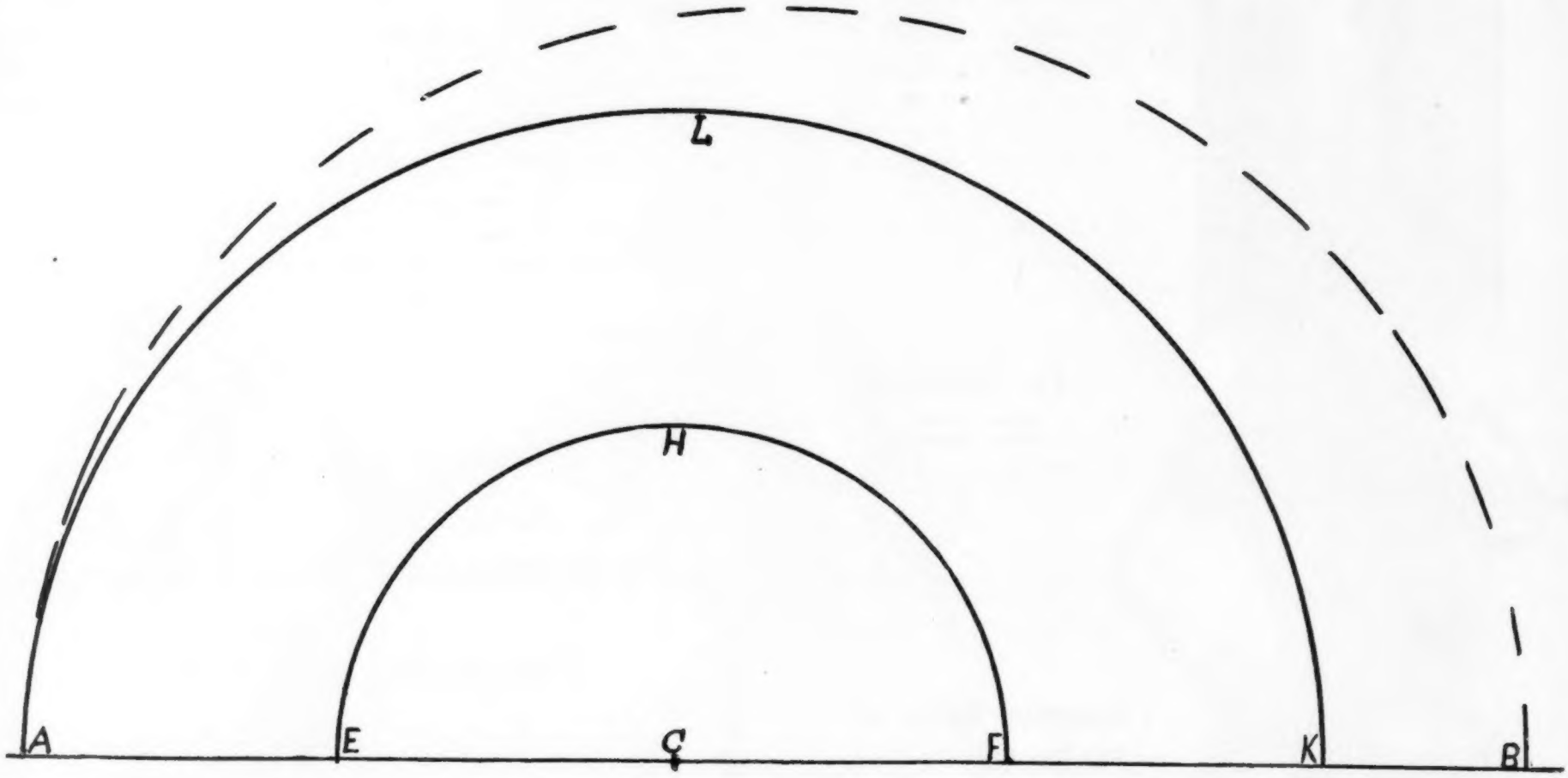

How to Draft a Circular Flounce.

To draft a circular flounce it is necessary to know how far it is around the skirt at the point you desire to sew the flounce on. That is, if you want a 10-inch flounce on the skirt, measure from the bottom of the skirt up 10 inches, and make a mark. Now measure the distance around the skirt keeping up ten inches from the bottom. This will give you the size of the top or small circle of the flounce. We will say the distance around the skirt measured 113 inches; this gives us a circle with a circumference of 113 inches. The top circle of the flounce must be the same size. To draft two circles the same size it is necessary to know what the diameter is of the first circle. To find the diameter of a circle when you have the circumference given, we divide the circumference by the decimal fraction 3.1416; thus 113 divided by 3.1416 equals 36 inches. The diameter of a circle that measures 113 inches around is about 36 inches.

This may be a little complicated for some dressmakers, so to give you an easier plan and to avoid decimal fractions we will simply divide the distance around the skirt by 3; thus 113 divided by 3 equals about 37 inches; this will be near enough for all practical purposes.

In drafting the flounce, we draft only half of the pattern, so we will need only half of the diameter. One half of 37 equals 18½ inches.

Let the straight line AB, on the above cut, represent the edge of the paper you are drafting on; make a mark along the edge at C; now measure from C to E 18½ inches, and from C to F 18½ inches and make a dot.

Wrap a string or your tape-line around your pencil, close to the lead, and stand the pencil on dot E, then stretch the tape line and hold it on point C; with it in this position hold the tape line firmly at C and swing the pencil around from E to F, marking the circle E, H, F. Care must be taken to keep the tape line stretched while you are swinging the pencil around, or it will not give you a perfect circle.

To be sure you have made no mistake, it is always best to test this circle by taking your tape-line and measuring the circle E, H, F; this should measure one-half the distance it measured around the skirt. One-half of 113 is 56½ inches that it should measure from E around to F. If it measures less than 56½ inches, then strike another circle and make it a little larger than this one. This is the part of the flounce that is sewed on the skirt 10 inches from the bottom, and should measure about the same as the skirt does at that point.

If the flounce is to be 10 inches deep, then we measure from E to A 10 inches and from F to K 10 inches; now wrap the tape-line around the pencil again and stand the pencil at A; hold the tape line at C and strike the circle ALK. This will give you a flounce the same depth all around, EA will be the centre of the front and must be laid on the fold of the goods, thus cutting the flounce double.

If the goods is not wide enough to cut the entire flounce in one piece, the piecing must be done at the back. The line FK is the centre of the back and is where the seam will come.

A GRADUATED FLOUNCE.

The circle E, H, F in a graduated flounce is drafted in the same manner as it is in a plain flounce. After you have drafted this small circle the proper size, we then measure from E to A, the depth we desire the flounce to be in the front; then measure from F to B, the depth we want it in the back. Now, wrap the tape-line around your pencil and stand it at A; hold the tape line somewhere between C and F and swing the pencil around to see if you can touch point B; if you can not, then stand the pencil at A again and either shorten or lengthen the tape-line until you can touch point A and B, and then strike the circle A, B, as shown by the dotted line.

If you desire points or scallops you can draft them on this flounce in any shape or manner you may desire.

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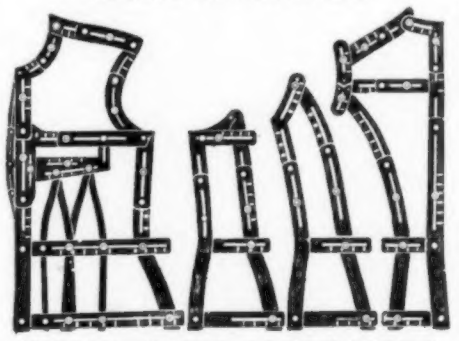

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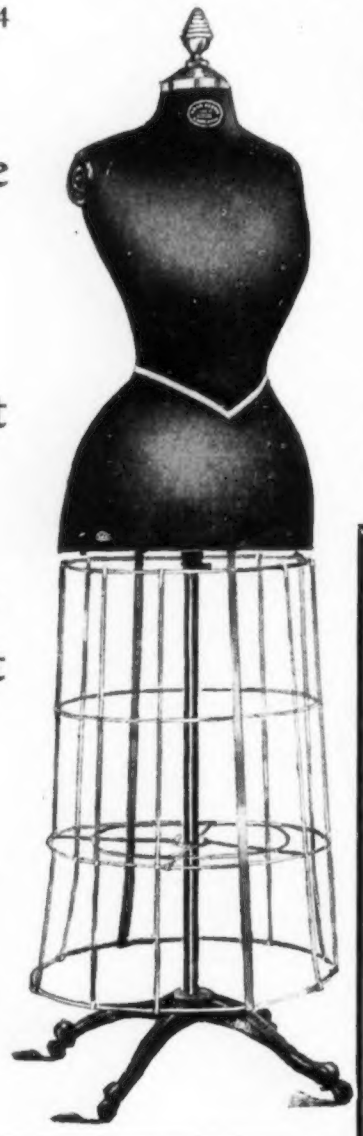

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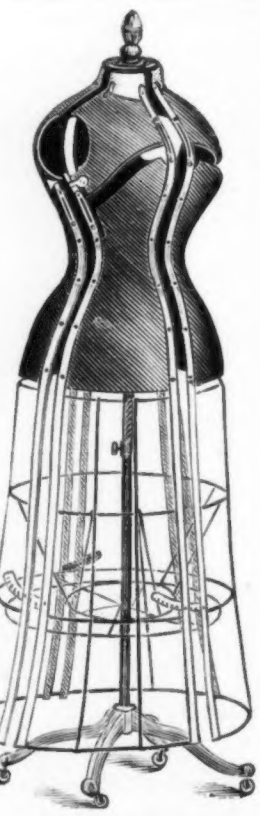

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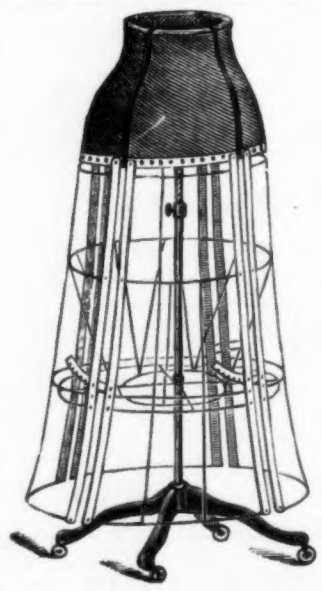

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